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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photo *Lafayette*

LADY MARJORIE MANNERS

Eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Pictorial Guide to Gardening." (Cable Printing Company: 1s. net.)

"The Magistrate's Own Case." By Baron Palle Rosenkrantz. (Methuen: 6s.)

"A Devil's Bargain." By Florence Warden. (John Long: 6s.)

"The Paxton Plot." By C. Guise Mitford. (John Long: 6s.)

"Stubble Before the Wind." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (John Long: 6s.)

"A New Cinderella." By Fred Whishaw. (John Long: 6s.)

"Craven Fortune." By Fred M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

"Velasquez." By A. F. Calvert and C. G. Hartley. (Lane: 3s. 6d. net.)

"All-Story Magazine" (February). (Frank Munsey Co.: 6d.)

"Jesus Christ and Social Questions." By Francis Greenwood Peabody. (Macmillan: 6s.)

"Old China." By J. F. Blacker. (*London Opinion* Curio Club: 1s. net.)

"Graham of Claverhouse." By Ian MacLaren. (Murray: 6s.)

"A Scots Earl." Life and Times of Archibald, 9th Earl of Argyll. By John Willcock. (Elliott.)

"The International Review" (January, 1908). Edited by Dr. Rodolphe Broda. (Fisher Unwin: 1s. net.)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday January 22, 1908

Just a word to welcome our legislators, hereditary and otherwise, back to their seats. They have had a nice long holiday, and there is much work before them. We hope there will be no bullying by the older boys, and no impertinence from the younger ones. Irish Members may be reminded that athletics are best practised outside the House; and English Members should bear in mind that this also holds good for speeches.

* * *

Mr. Harry Lauder has won a consolation prize in a limerick competition. But Homer also nodded.

* * *

We do so ourselves at times. For example, when we condense what Muley Hafid must have said to the tribes at Fez on the subject of the rival (and only genuine) Sultan into the following:

Aziz is no Moor at the priz'nt,
His manners are French and unpliz'nt—
Ere he swallows more fizz
Let us make of Aziz
A pleasanter person—Az iz'nt.

* * *

All success to the Royal Commission which has been appointed by the King to make an inventory of Scottish monuments and specify those which seem worthy of preservation. Englishmen are rather amused by the notion that the Scots require to be enlightened as to the value of anything in their own country.

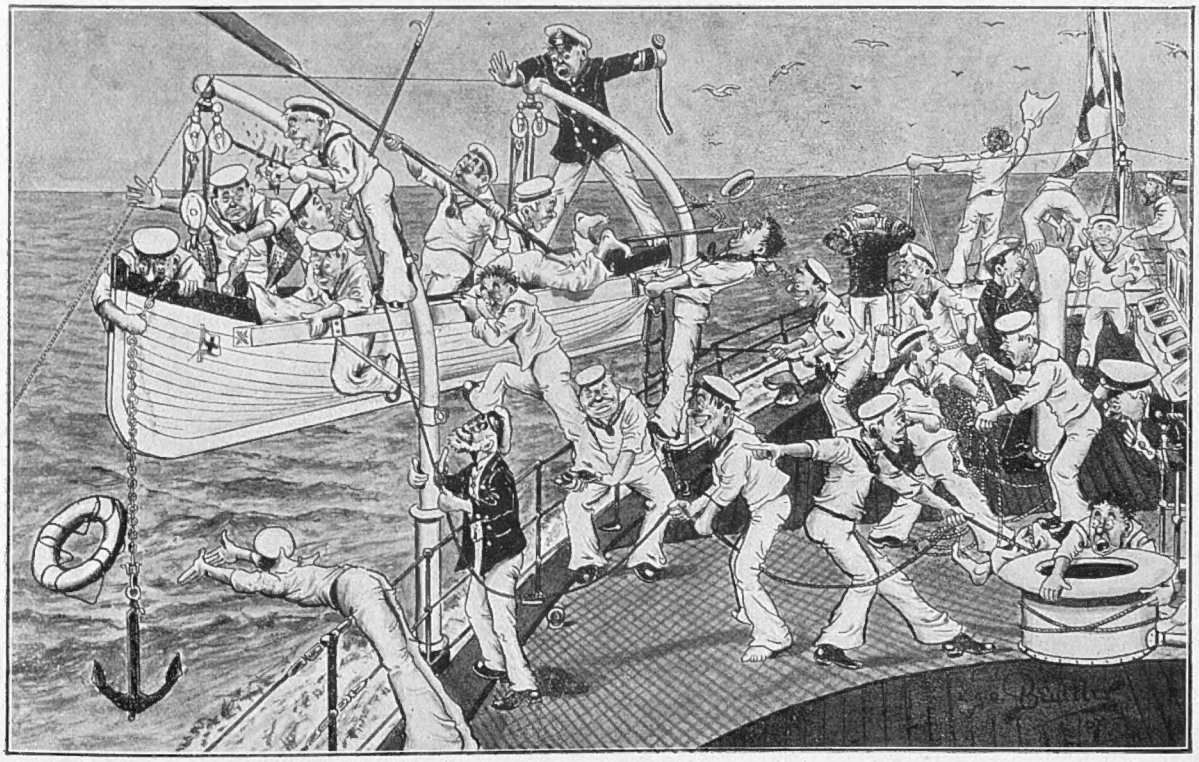
* * *

The object of the Commission seems a little vague at present. But no doubt, when they have proved how fine and valuable the monuments across the Border are, Scottish hotel-keepers will be able to raise their prices to the innocent Southron visitor. Or there will be notices of this sort:

"This way to the Spider's Web that Robert Bruce watched being spun. Entrance, 6*d*."

* * *

New York is to have a record restaurant, which is to be the largest in the world, seating 8,000 people. This, of course, is the stupendous sort of affair that sets one doing fancy calculations. If all the plates at a nine-course dinner were properly washed—or, if all the scraps left at one meal were made into curry for the next——! Never mind. There is to be a real roof garden, with real trees and turf (turf grows so well on a roof), and a real fifty-foot lake. One could drown oneself in the lake, if one didn't like the curry.



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY: No. 7.—Practising at Man Overboard, "Boats Away" (a most important evolution)
By E. G. O. Beuttler

RACING NOTIONS

THE GRAND NATIONAL. BY CARBINE

Persimmon and His Owner

Not many months ago I enjoyed the privilege of visiting the splendidly appointed stud farm at Sandringham, and it was delightful to go into Persimmon's box and to pat and caress the grandest-looking thoroughbred in the world. That was the opinion I formed of Persimmon as I looked over him, and many good judges agree that there is no horse who combines so many superb qualities as the King's first Derby winner does. For a horse so big and powerful, his quality is marvellous. Knowing the fine creature so well, I was grieved to hear of his recent accident. Poor Persimmon; it is doubtful whether he will ever be right again. Naturally, the King has keenly regretted the mishap, for Persimmon is easily his favourite at the Sandringham Stud. In fact, I can say out of my own knowledge that his Majesty has a very real affection for this horse, and when a foreign breeder came a year ago with a cheque for £50,000 in the hope of securing Persimmon, the offer was at once declined. Then the would-be purchaser raised his offer, but he was politely assured that Persimmon would not be sold for any consideration whatever. For years he has been the "show" horse of Sandringham. Scarcely a visitor to the King in his Norfolk home is allowed to depart without being taken to the stud buildings, which are only a short distance from the stately mansion. Often, as the King and his friends are returning from an afternoon walk round the paddocks, the Queen will have tea waiting for them in her model dairy.

Photo *Park*

Racing on the Riviera

M. Lienart (centre), owner of the winner of the prize, Hamed, in the paddock. The trainer (A. Carter) on the left

Good Entries for Aintree

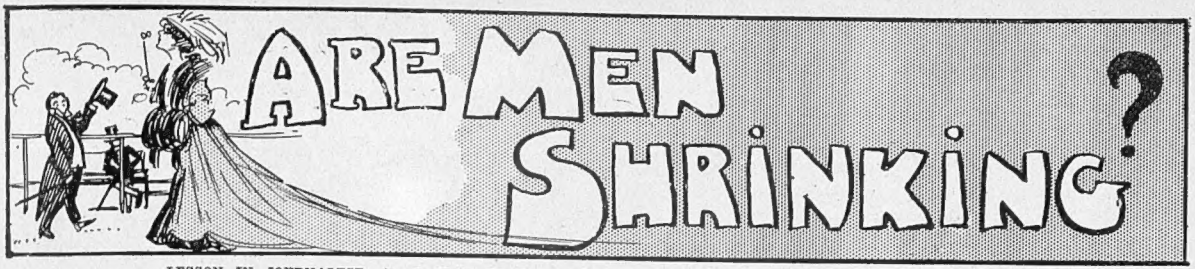
The Grand National entries are top-hole. We should all have liked to see Eremon make an attempt to rival the feat only accomplished by Abd-el-Kader and The Colonel—that of winning the great Aintree race two years in succession. But an unlucky accident has placed Mr. Stanley Howard's very brilliant jumper out of training, and we shall have to wait until 1909 before seeing him contest the National again. Eremon is still a young horse, so it is not impossible for him to win the Blue Riband of steeplechasing twice or even three times. Timothy Titus, also, is not entered, and this is perhaps quite as well, for he has cost people a lot of money at Liverpool in previous years. He would be sure to have backers again, but he cannot jump the course. With these exceptions, practically every decent long-distance 'chaser now on four legs has been engaged. Old heroes of Aintree there are in Kirkland, Drumcree, and Ascetic's Silver. Others who have run well in the race are Hercules II., Tom West, and Red Lad. The King has entered Flaxman, a bit of a gay deceiver up to the present. Then there is Leinster, really the grandest 'chaser of the day; but, unfortunately, unsoundness is his trouble. He will probably rank with Ascetic's Silver at the head of the handicap.

Some Notable Candidates

Everyone recognises that Mr. Aubrey Hastings, the most energetic of young trainers, holds a strong hand with Ascetic's Silver and Rathvale. Mr. Maher is also regarded as "dangerous," for he has been doing extraordinarily well all through the season, and is now represented by the cream of his stable, viz., Mount Prospect's Fortune, Jenkinstown, and Killester. Of these, the first-named now belongs to Captain Paynter, who has purchased him from his trainer at a big price mainly with a view to winning the coveted Gold Cup at the Grand Military Meeting, just as Mr. Bewicke bought Old Fairyhouse last year. It seems to me to be scarcely right that the spirit of commercialism should in this way be allowed to attach to the soldiers' greatest race. It takes away from the sporting attractiveness of the affair. Could it not be stipulated that horses should only be entered which had been the property of their owners for at least a year previously? That would at least do something towards obviating a state of things which is unpleasant and anomalous. The weights for the Grand National will be published on January 30.

Steeplechasing of the Week

It is quite unsafe to speculate as to the weather ahead, but we do look like having something more suitable for 'chasing than the wretched uncertainty of the past month. One of the most enjoyable afternoons of the season was spent at Hurst Park on Saturday, for the sun shone quite brilliantly, and there were three very exciting finishes. Baeldi made a fine effort to win the Middlesex Steeplechase, but failed just to give the weight to Mr. Stedall's Chessington. At Windsor on Wednesday the Paddock Steeplechase may be won by **Amersham**, and **Faithless Lad** may take the Borough Steeplechase on the following day. At Lingfield on Friday **Queen's Cup** is my selection for the Stayers' Hurdle Race, and **Collarmaker** may win the Eden Vale Hurdle Race on the next day.



LESSON IN JOURNALESE: No. 7.—HOW TO WRITE FOR THE MAGAZINE PAGE OF THE HALFPENNY PRESS.

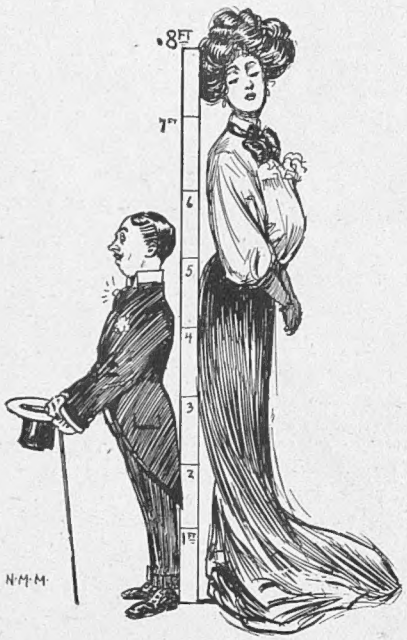
EVERYONE who is at all observant must have been struck by the extraordinary way in which women have increased in height lately. Women of thirty of the present day are undoubtedly taller than they were, say, eighteen years ago, and there is every prospect that the rising generation of young girls will greatly exceed the height their grandmothers attained to at the same age. An interesting, and at the same time alarming, question for men is whether they will, at some future date, become

THE DIMINUTIVE SEX

and there can, indeed, be little doubt what will be the ultimate result if, as some suppose, the stature of man has reached its limit, while that of woman goes on increasing year by year. The chief reason why women up till now have been on the whole smaller than men is that, as a rule, they stop growing at an earlier age. This (from the mere male point of view) exceedingly salutary rule has of late years been considerably relaxed. What if, as seems not unlikely, it should be abolished altogether? Imagination boggles at the idea! To take a case in point. Telegraph girls in the Post Office (of whom we have the measurements of several hundreds of thousands) show an average height of 5 ft. 4 in. at the age of seventeen, and a height of 5 ft. 6 in. at the age of nineteen. Working on these figures, we find that at the age of thirty-seven the average telegraph pole—we beg her pardon—girl, will have attained the

VERY RESPECTABLE HEIGHT

of 7 ft. 6 in.! There has been some difficulty in obtaining the figures on which our calculations are based; all heights, of course, should be taken with the feet bare, but many ladies, while not objecting to take off their boots, refuse to go further, so that in some cases it has been found necessary to allow .065782 of an inch for the thickness of the stocking. The error, though annoying, is, however, of a trifling nature.



The following table, which deals with the relative sizes of 700 married couples, will, perhaps, explain itself (perhaps not):

	No. of Husbands.	No. of Wives.
Medium, 3 ft. to 4 ft. 6 in.	163	131
Well-grown, 4 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft.	30	40
Tall, 5 ft. to 6 ft. 8 in.	25	37
VERY TALL, 6 ft. 8 in. to 10 ft.) ..	132	142
	350	350

These figures are highly significant, and go a long way to prove the accuracy of our observations. The illustration has, of course, very little to do with the text, but it is worthy of note that while the lady (on the right) was measured in her stockinged feet, the gentleman (on the left) decided at the last moment to retain his boots!

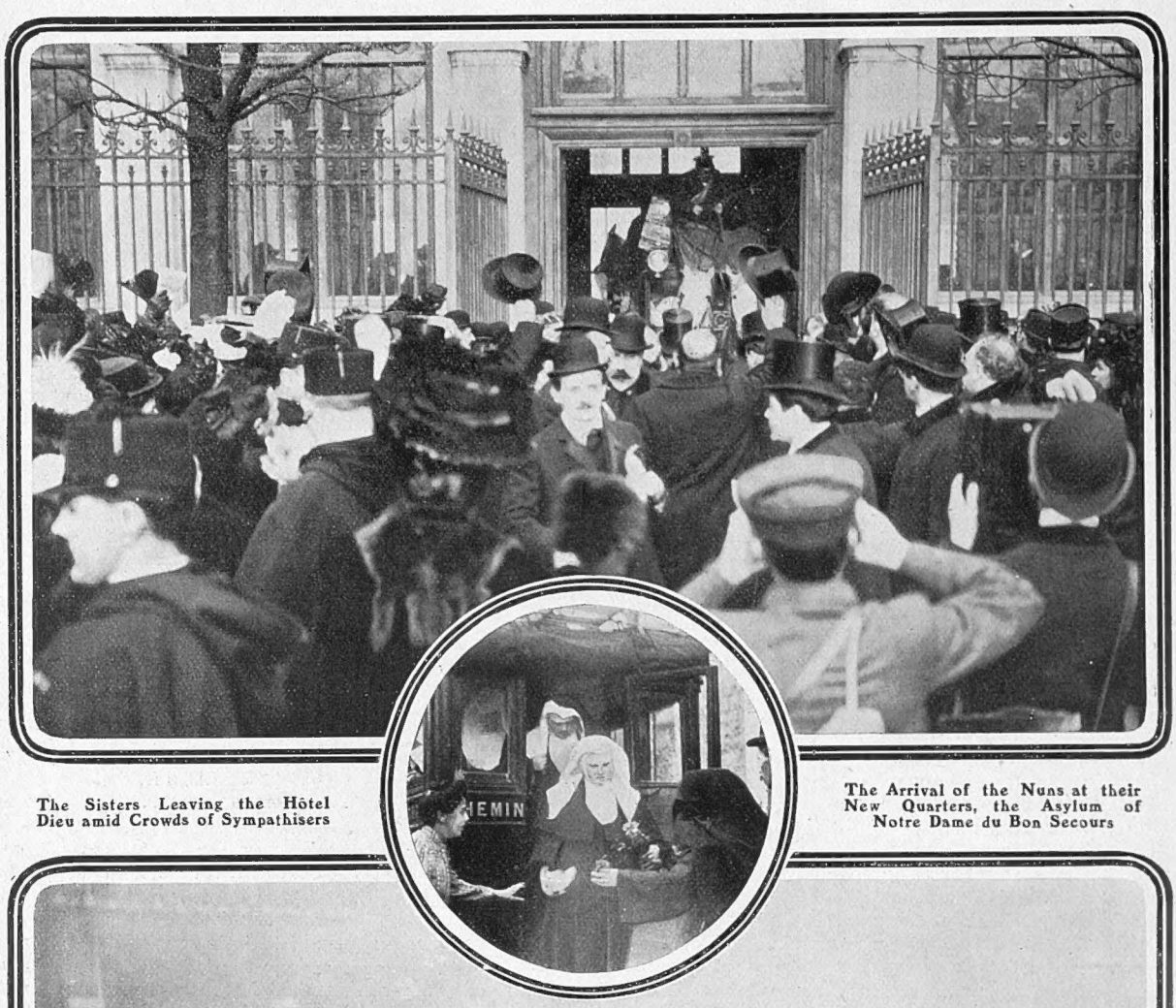
Comment is superfluous.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Latest Suffragette Row: Mrs. Drummond taken in hand by police at Downing Street

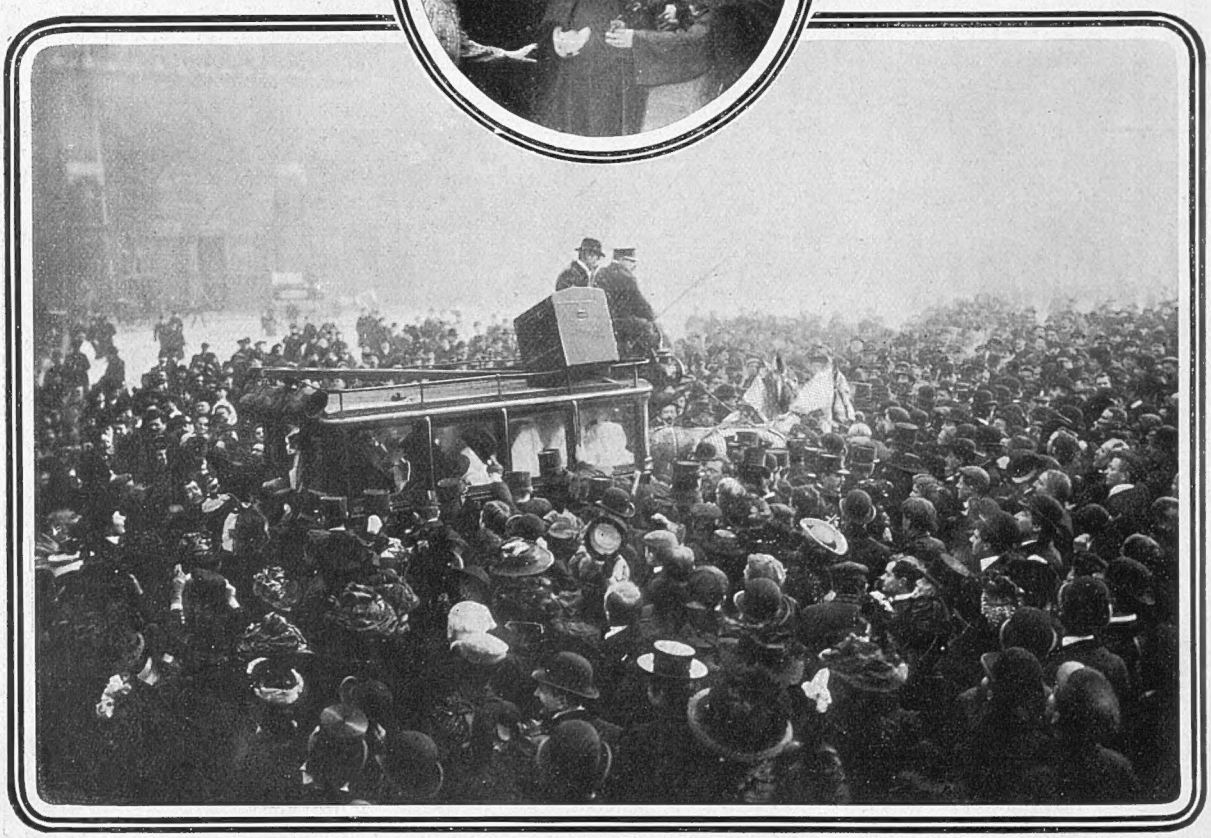
French Clerical War Still Raging

AUGUSTINE NUNS LEAVE THE HÔTEL DIEU FOR THEIR NEW HOME



The Sisters Leaving the Hôtel Dieu amid Crowds of Sympathisers

The Arrival of the Nuns at their New Quarters, the Asylum of Notre Dame du Bon Secours

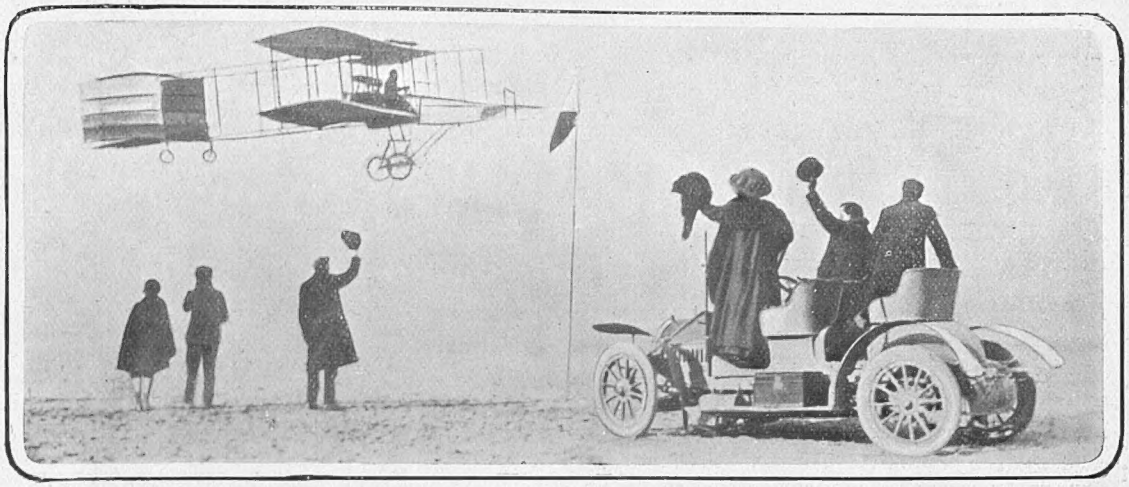


Photos] **Leaving their Old Home in Police-Guarded 'Buses** [*Topical Agency*

Owing to the Separation Law, which led to so many disturbances a year ago, the Augustine nuns had, last week, to bid farewell to the Hôtel Dieu, where for several centuries members of their Order have tended the sick and aged. The Sisters made their departure in omnibuses, whose horses the crowd endeavoured to unharness as a protest against the nuns' eviction. This was prevented by the police, and the Sisters eventually reached their new home, the Asylum of Notre Dame du Bon Secours, in the Rue des Plantes, accompanied by hundreds of sympathisers. Though the management of the Hôtel Dieu has now been taken over by the Poor Law Board, Paris will not lose the services of the hospital Sisters, for they are attaching themselves to several homes and institutions maintained by private charity

Mr. Farman Flies a Little

WINS THE ARCHDEACON-DEUTSCH PRIZE AS A PRELIMINARY TO TRYING FOR THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" AND OTHER TROPHIES



Photo] **Welcoming Mr. Farman's Aeroplane at the turning flag (at which he successfully turned)** *[Topical Agency*

Photo] **Congratulating Mr. Farman after his descent** *[Illustrations Bureau*

On the 13th inst., Mr. Henry Farman made the first successful flight by aeroplane, having risen 25 feet from the ground and flown, in a complete circle in the air, for 1,630 yards—speed, 34 miles an hour. In doing so, he won the Archdeacon-Deutsch prize of £2,000 for 1,093 yards. Whereas M. Santos Dumont flew only in a straight line, Mr. Farman executed a circle. He has announced his forthcoming intention to enter for the *Daily Graphic* "flying mile," the Brooklands' prize, and, lastly, for the *Daily Mail's* £10,000, the greatest reward at present attainable—in this world—by aerial flight

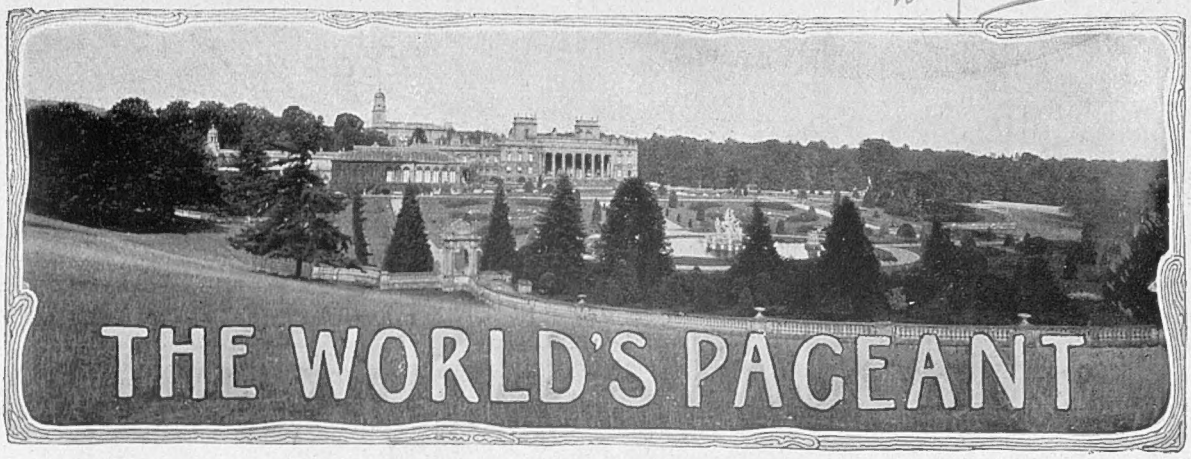
The Turn of the Tide

CAPTAIN BELL'S REMARKABLE VICTORY IN MID-DEVON

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Newton Abbott addressed after the Poll by its first Conservative M.P. at the Constitutional Club

The election in Mid-Devon, which has converted a Liberal majority of 1,283 into a Unionist one of 559, hails the turn of the political tide. The issues were Free Trade *v.* Tariff Reform, and the result shows that the latter cause, if boldly championed, is by no means the "forlorn hope" which the Government have believed. Furthermore, it is probable that the fear of Socialism has diverted numbers of middle-class voters from the Liberal faith



Photo] **Witley Court, the New Residence of the Earl and Countess of Dudley** *[Co'well*

The Court

This week, in accordance with established custom, the Court is at Windsor. To-day, the anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria, a memorial service is held in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore. To-morrow, the King will fulfil his promise to shoot with Lord Burnham at Hall Barn, which is within easy motoring distance of the Castle. Early next week, for the State opening of Parliament on the 29th, the Court adjourns to Buckingham Palace, where the King is to be in residence for the first few weeks of the season. According to present arrangements, the King and Queen will again visit Paris towards the end of February, and will probably proceed afterwards to the Vosges district to make a cure at Contrexeville. During February the King will give a series of dinners to members of the Government.

* * *

A Double Anniversary

The date of the anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria is also the birthday of Prince Christian, the sportsman husband of her late Majesty's eldest surviving daughter. Prince Christian was nearer forty than thirty when, half a century since, he came to England to marry the pretty and popular Princess Helena, but he still rides regularly to hounds, and shoots constantly. His surviving son, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, makes his headquarters in Berlin, being heir-presumptive to the titles and estates of his cousin, the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenberg, brother of the German Empress. Prince Albert has lately been staying with his parents at Cumberland Lodge.

* * *

Royal Golf

Prince Christian's two daughters, the Princess Victoria and the Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, are most indefatigable and indispensable of Royal ladies. Princess Louise, once the wife of Prince Aribert of Anhalt, but now divorced from him and living under her maiden name and titles with her parents in England, is, perhaps, the most actively charitable of the two, but there is very little to choose between them. Both ladies do much good work in connection with a club for factory girls run in conjunction with the Church Army. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, like her cousin and namesake, Princess Victoria of Wales, has taken to golf. In our illustration she is seen playing over the Sunningdale Links with her brother, Prince Albert, Mr. Tindal Atkinson, Recorder of Leeds, and Taylor, the professional.

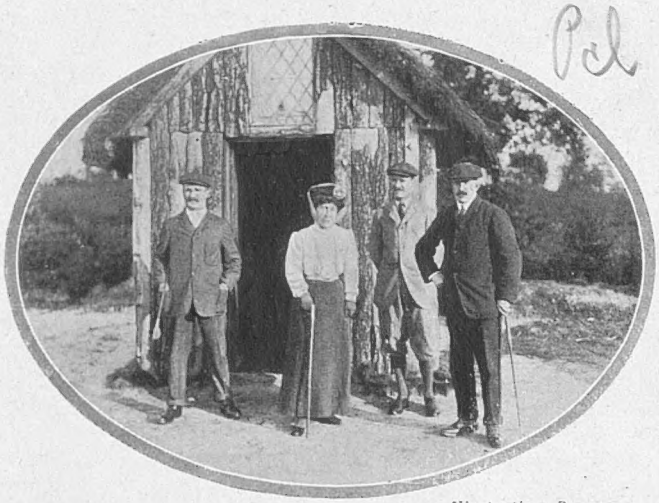


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Royal Golfers at Sunningdale

Reading from left to right: Taylor, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Mr. J. Tindal Atkinson, and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein

* * *

The Coming Session

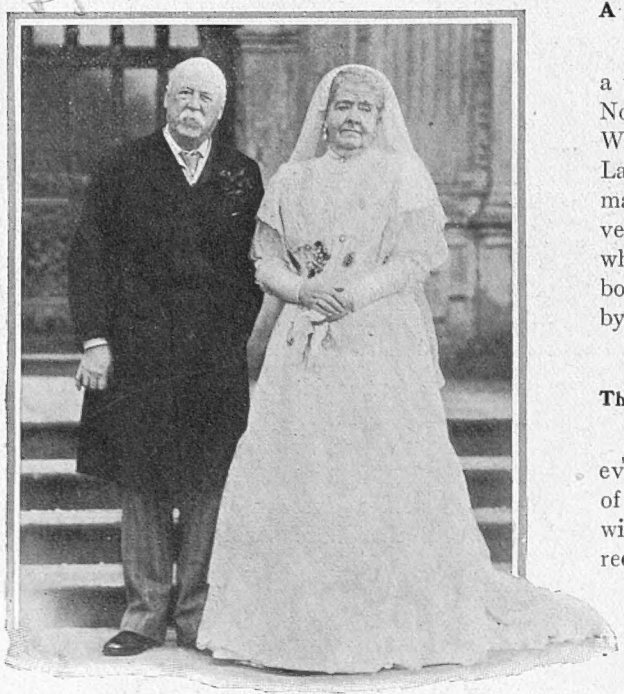
To-day (Wednesday) week, begins in solemn earnest the serious business of Parliament. The Premier—in no danger, we hope, of a relapse on hearing the result of the Mid-Devon poll—is back in England once more, and Mr. Winston Churchill, fresh from endless pow-wows, flushed with much kow-towing, and bursting with repressed opinions, is positively burning for the fray. The Government, which came in on the "retrenchment" ticket, is going to spend a lot more on the Navy, as it has already done on the Army! And this being the case, the "workers" are bidden by Mr. Asquith not to expect too much towards Old Age Pensions this time. Of course, on this, most moderate men will agree: nobody of any sense begrudges money spent on our defences.

* * *

Where Is the "Randy" of To-day?

But where, oh where, is the sport in modern politics? Eleven years ago, a Conservative Government was pledged to reduce expenditure on armaments, and had to admit that the thing could not be done. Then, however, there lived one Randolph Churchill. On finding Lord Salisbury would not economise, down went his resignation, and out of office he bounced, to remain for years a thorn in the side of his Party.

A Notable Golden Wedding



Lord and Lady North

Who have just celebrated their golden wedding at Wroxton. Her ladyship is wearing the gown in which she was married fifty years ago

Will Nobody Resign?

Where is the Liberal "Randy"? We await his advent eagerly. Not that I wish any ill to C.-B.'s Cabinet—but I *do* like my politics to be a little brisker and livelier than they have been of late. The appalling unanimity which (outwardly) characterises his Majesty's present Government, from which nobody ever seems to dream of resigning, makes one feel like the weary strap-hanger on a South London tram, who, finding no seat vacant, even at Brixton, exclaimed pathetically, "Ain't none of yer got any 'omes?"

* * *

Worcester en Fête

The Worcestershire Hunt Club Ball has the reputation of being one of the best of its kind in the Midlands, and I always make a point of going if I can. I was one of a gathering of upwards of three hundred and fifty on the 14th, a day which synchronised most happily, from a hunting point of view, with the break-up of the frost, so that everybody was in high spirits to start with; and the floor, the music, *and* the supper, "did the rest." Lord and Lady Dudley came quite early, and so did Lady Coventry and her party from Croome Court, which included Mr. Henry Coventry and his charming bride, formerly Mrs. McCreery; Captain and Mrs. Charles Coventry, Lady Barbara Smith, and Lady Dorothy Coventry. Lord and Lady Beauchamp were also there, as well as some of the Hindlip house-party, though Lord and Lady Hindlip themselves were prevented from coming by a family bereavement. Lady Dudley, in an exquisite gown of white, and wearing her famous diamond and pearl tiara, looked strikingly handsome, albeit somewhat pale after her recent illness; while I quite forgot the splendour of Mrs. Henry Coventry's jewellery in my admiration of the natural charm of manner by which her beauty was enhanced.

A Golden Wedding Celebration

Surrounded by their children, grandchildren, and a party of some two hundred guests, Lord and Lady North have just celebrated their golden wedding at Wroxton Abbey, home of many Stuart associations. Lady North, who is the daughter of the late Commander Cockerell, R.N., wore the gown of white velvet with Brussels lace and pearls and diamonds in which she was married fifty years ago. She carried a bouquet of myrtle and exotics, and was attended by two grand-daughter "bridesmaids."

* * * *

The Season in Malta

Malta is making the most of its opportunities, and every day since the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Valetta has been filled to overflowing with gaiety. Over 1,200 guests were present at the reception given on the arrival of the Duke and Duchess in the State Rooms of Valetta Palace, and all were presented by name by the aides-de-camp. All officers of the garrison and fleet attended, and a very large number of civilians received invitations. The Royal party included Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg and their daughter, Princess Louise, Lord and Lady Lanesborough, and the Lieut.-Governor and Lady Merewether. To watch the departure of the fleet from the harbour at an early hour in the morning, half Malta, including the Duke and his A.D.C., and the Battenberg Princesses, walked down to the Lower Barracca. The opera, of course, is a feature of Maltese social life. Everyone goes, and fine companies, with first-class artists, grace the boards. The officers, army men on one side and naval men on the

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Left to right: Mr. Wilson, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Mr. George North

Guests at the North Golden Wedding: A little joke?

Engaged in *pourparlers* of an evidently humorous nature—judging by the expressions on their faces

THE BRIDE OF THE WINTER SEASON

Photo *E. Walter Barnett*

LADY CYNTHIA CREWE-MILNES

Daughter of the Earl of Crewe, Lord President of the Council, who was married to Mr. George Colville yesterday, the 21st inst.

The Connaughts and the Malta Season

The Landing of the Royal Party: The Duke and Duchess stepping ashore at Valetta

other, fill the stalls, and the Governor's box is in the centre of the first tier facing the stage—not sideways, as is the Royal box at Covent Garden.

* * *

In Egypt

Early next month, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are to proceed to Egypt, where, writes my Cairo friends, it is "weary, weary waiting" for the tourists who do not arrive. Whole orphanages could be accommodated in the big hotels in Cairo, and one scans the lists in vain for more than two or three well-known names. The advent of Sir Thomas Lipton was as welcome as flowers in Spring. He came on business, to take over the "Army contract" part of Caffari's, a well-known provision merchant, whose business needs a little stimulus, but he soon departed to join the Empress Eugénie on her way to Ceylon on board his own yacht *Erin*. Cairo, of course, is redolent of association with the widow of Napoleon III. The splendid Pyramid Road was especially made for her at express speed with forced labour by Ismail Pasha when she came to inaugurate the Suez Canal, and the Ghezireh Palace Hotel, known as "Ismail's Folly," was restored and the gardens laid out at immense expense for the visit of the Beauty of Europe.

* * *

On the "Heliopolis"

Sir Thomas Lipton, with Lord Armstrong, Lady Vivian, Mr. Curphey, and the Countess Wanda Chamare came out on the *Heliopolis*. The Countess's great beauty, romantic history, former light-opera triumphs, and superb frocks, make her a very noticeable person in Cairo. On the boat she made acquaintance with the great "Co-operative King," and it is said that she is thinking of doffing her weeds, for the lawsuit which followed her death-bed marriage to the Count has deprived her of the greater part of the family property. Mr. Winston Churchill spent a few days in Cairo with General and Mrs. Bullock at Kase el Dubara.

* * *

A Philanthropic Duchess

The Duchess of Marlborough has taken, of late years, with assiduity to the fascinating pastime of philanthropy. To some people, women especially, contrast and the "ringing grooves of change" are the very salt and savour of life. Her Grace of Marlborough takes a practical interest in the Church Army, and gives much of her time to "slumming," to the relief of prisoners' wives and families, and to the factory girls of Clerkenwell. Yet in home life she is by no means unmindful of her own dignity as a Duchess and one of the Vanderbilts. Retired and rather shy, she nevertheless surrounds herself with great state and ceremony. At Blenheim, before her separation from her husband, a small Nubian page stood ever at her side, and walked in her footsteps. She dressed in quaint, queenly garments of silk and velvet, which accentuated her extreme height and slimness, and

Photos *Ellis*

Witnessing the Arrival

The youth and beauty of Maltese Society collected together on the terrace of the Garrison Library, in the Palace Square, Valetta

The New "Chief" Arrives

VALETTA EN FÊTE IN HONOUR OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS

Photo *Ellis*

A Guard of Honour of the Royal Marines Welcomes Their Royal Highnesses at the Landing Place

The Duke of Connaught, the new High Commissioner for Malta, and Commander-in-Chief of the Military Forces in the Mediterranean, landed, with the Duchess, from the cruiser "Aboukir" at Valetta on January 4. The whole town was profusely decorated for the occasion, and a general holiday was maintained throughout the Island

MR. MARK HAMBOURG, THE GREAT PIANIST, AT THE PIANO

Who, having been previously "kidnapped" by Revolutionaries in Warsaw, was, at his subsequent concert, recalled twenty-six times, and forced to give six encores

CRAYON DRAWING BY R. G. MATHEWS

Were the Dublin Jewels Stolen in Jest?

with them the famous Vanderbilt pearls, which once belonged to the Empress Catherine of Russia. At present, her Grace is at Lord Wimborne's house at Roehampton Gate, Richmond Park, which she has taken while Sunderland House is preparing for the reception of her cousin, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, and Count Szechnyi. Her two sons are now with their mother, the Duke having had them with him all the summer and autumn.

* * *

The Irish Regalia

Things are looking up a little over in Ireland. For months one has been hard up for the simplest topic of conversation. Now, matters eminently suitable for tea-cup discussion crop up almost daily. Great interest and much speculation were caused by the reported appearance of the Hon. Norah Johnston, Viscount Massereene's sister and heiress, on the stage of the Belfast Hippodrome doing a "ballad turn." Still more interest and much heated comment went with the appointment of the excellent and business-like Lord Pirrie to the high post of Comptroller of the Viceregal Household. But the subject above all others which has enthralled dear Dublin of late is the remarkable mystery of the Dublin Castle Crown Jewels. Commonly, it is believed that the affair is just another Cholmondeley-Grosvenor joke, and all along it has been asserted that the aristocratic Dublin Castle element, very naturally assuming that jewels worth £50,000 were out of place in so democratic a *venue* as the present, had simply removed them until such time as their reappearance is deemed advisable! The short Dublin season is at hand. A secret Viceregal Commission, therefore, has been appointed, and it is hoped that the jewels may, with as little accompanying revelation as possible, very shortly arrive on the scene.

* * *

Sir A. Vicars's Revolt

Unfortunately, such secrecy does not meet with universal approval, and Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King-of-Arms, has refused to take part in the Star Chamber Inquiry, as he wishes a full public and judicial inquiry to be made into the whole circumstance.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Sir Arthur Vicars

Whose retirement from the secret Commission of Inquiry into the loss of the Dublin Crown Jewels is the topic of the hour in Ireland. The current theory is that the real thieves of the jewels were practical jokers!

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Duchess of Marlborough

Who on the opening of the new Hall of the St. Mark's Tramway Brotherhood, inspected (and apparently was inspected by) the Tramwaymen

Sir Arthur Vicars has been King-of-Arms for the last fifteen years, and is, officially, Registrar of, and Knight Attendant on, the lost insignia of the Order of St. Patrick. Art and archæology are Sir Arthur's pet subjects. He is one of the founders of the Ex-Libris Society, and his collection of book-plates is only equalled in interest by his old silver, some of which retired into seclusion at the same time as the Crown Jewels. He is a good shot, and a very straight rider to hounds, and he is fond of indulging in the good old English sport of bowls. Since the jewels disappeared, Sir Arthur's post has been offered to two other gentlemen. Both, however, have respectively declined the honour.

* * *

Some New Political Appointments

On the eve of a Session which promises to be of more than usual interest and duration, the eyes of the world may well be turned for a moment on those men behind the scenes who are the real rulers of the nation. Mr. Vaughan Nash, who has succeeded Mr. Arthur Ponsonby as Secretary to the Prime Minister, is reaping the just reward of steadfastness. A journalist first on the *Daily Chronicle*, then on the *Manchester Guardian*, and later on the *Daily News*, he stuck to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman when that popular politician's star was anywhere but in the ascendancy. He was at one time a resident at Toynbee Hall, and his interest in social reform is as profound as his knowledge of the subject is deep and varied.

* * *

The Retiring Secretary

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who is retiring from the post of Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, partly on account of his wife's health and partly because he wishes eventually to take an active part in Parliamentary life, is one of the few Liberal officials who come of a family closely connected with the Court. His father, Sir Henry Ponsonby, as everyone knows, was the late Queen's devoted and highly trusted private secretary. His mother, Lady Ponsonby, clever, very literary, and an intimate friend of George Eliot, was first Maid-of-Honour, then Bedchamber Woman to Queen Victoria, and one of her Majesty's few

People Behind the Political Stage

links with that world of letters, in which she took so faint an interest. It was to Lady Ponsonby, it will be remembered, that a good many people attributed the extremely outspoken article concerning Queen Victoria which appeared in the *Quarterly* soon after her late Majesty's death.

Photo *Haines*

Mrs. Herbert Gladstone

Who has recently undergone the operation for appendicitis. The wife of the Home Secretary shines as a Liberal hostess, and is extremely clever and versatile

A Leading Liberal Light

Everybody is glad to hear that Mrs. Herbert Gladstone is convalescing from her recent operation for appendicitis. The Home Secretary, it is stated, will very shortly be enabled to retire into the seclusion of the Peerage. Doubtless the change will be a grateful one, for the post of Home Secretary is not that for which a man so abnormally sensitive as Mr. Gladstone is best fitted. It is not so certain, however, that seclusion from the dusty strife of political life is all that Mrs. Gladstone asks of Fate. Born and bred in an atmosphere of politics, she is, in a way, more fitted for the rough and tumble thereof than her husband.

Photos

C.B.'s Late Private Secretary

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who has retired from the Secretaryship to the Premier—it is said on account of "higher political ambitions"

Mrs. Gladstone calmly surveyed her audience, and then obliged by informing them that though she was not going to ask them who they intended to vote for, West Leeds had never voted for the wrong man yet, and she would be very much surprised if, when the result of the poll was announced, her husband's opponent was not a sadder and a wiser man. Both she and Mr. Gladstone are very musical. He has a fine tenor voice, and they practice together the not-too-popular habit of duet-singing. Both are very keen on practical gardening and Jacobean furniture, and the study of serious literature is another of their joint failings.

Mrs. Gladstone's Versatility

Mrs. Gladstone leads the Liberal way as a political hostess, and once, when Mr. Gladstone was addressing a meeting at Leeds, proved her ability also to deal satisfactorily with a little heckling. Her husband's audience demanded a speech of her, and, getting up,

Haines

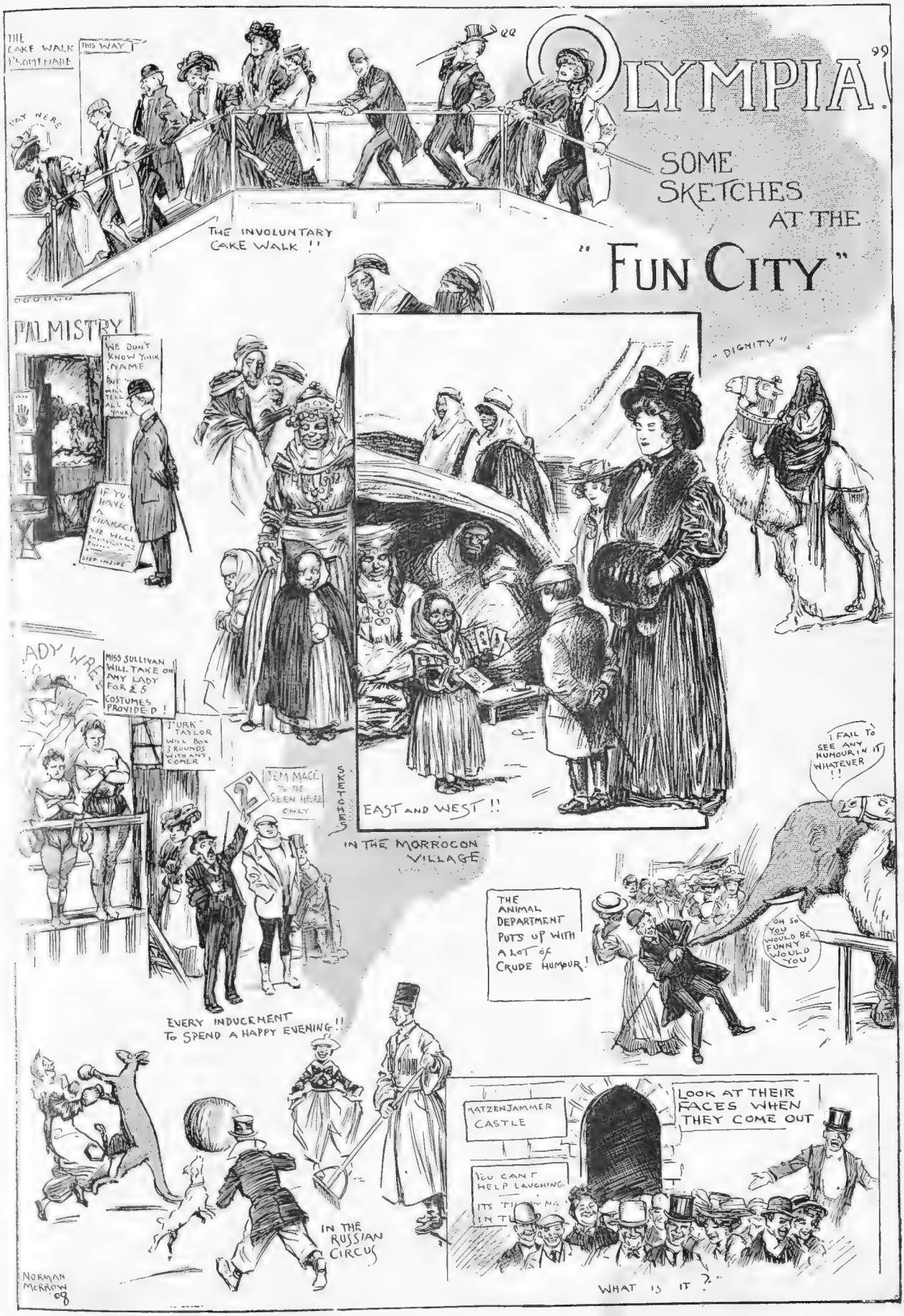
C.B.'s New Private Secretary

Mr. Vaughan Nash, formerly of the *Daily Chronicle*

Photo *Fotoco*

Where "Honest John" now Works

The spacious new offices, in Whitehall, of the Local Government Board. They have been building nearly ten years, and are on a scale of fitting splendour for the operations of the indefatigable President, Mr. Burns



SKETCHED AT OLYMPIA BY NORMAN MORROW

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Masters and Their Difficulties

There are to be many changes of Masters next April, and it really seems as though men do not care to carry on hounds so long as their grandfathers did. In this twentieth century there is a restless desire for change, and when a M.F.H. has hunted one country for three or four seasons he either tires of the work and responsibility or seeks to transfer his energies to some new district. Nor is this altogether surprising when one comes to think of the great difficulties which the modern M.F.H. has to face. The enormous increase of game preservation; the "craze" for cheap fencing, and the consequent appearance of barbed wire on farms where it was previously unknown; the reluctance on the part of many regular followers of hounds to contribute their proper share to the maintenance of the country, thereby increasing the Master's heavy financial burden; the inconsiderate conduct of thoughtless motorists, who in some districts now do much to spoil sport; and the selfish, jealous riding and ignorance displayed by a certain section of modern fox-hunters, all go to render the task of showing sport harder than it has ever been before.

Photo *Speaight*

The New Master of the Hursley

Sir George Cooper, of Hursley Park, Winchester, who has just been elected to the Mastership of this sporting pack, and will hunt the country without a subscription

An Attractive Position

Yet with all these drawbacks, the command of a sporting pack retains—for the men who can spare the necessary time and money—much of that charm which has led to people devoting the greater part of their lives to the Mastership of Hounds. This must be so, otherwise we should not see a sportsman like Sir George Cooper, the newly elected Master of the Hursley Hunt, coming forward to take a country as soon as it becomes vacant. Nor should we see some of the veterans, like Lord Portman and Mr. William de Salis Filgate, holding office year after year. Sir George Cooper, by the way, is going to hunt the Hursley country without asking for a subscription from the followers of that pack, but they will be expected not to overlook their obligations to the wire and poultry fund. Mr. George Evans, one of the smartest amateur huntsmen of the day, gives up the Tickham Hounds at the end of the season, and Mr. Gerald Dudley Smith has resigned the Mastership of the Croome Hounds. Mr. Smith's retirement will be a distinct loss to the Hunt, as he has hunted the country in a most liberal and efficient style. His wife, Lady Barbara Smith (a daughter of Lord Coventry), and their children ride regularly with the hounds. Mr. Henry Connop gives up the Tedworth after only one season.

Hunting and Shooting Interests

It has been proved over and over again that birds can be reared in the same coverts as foxes are; but the average gamekeeper will not look upon Reynard in any other light than that of an inveterate enemy, and unless he has instructions from his employer not to destroy the foxes, it goes very hard with them. Excepting where coverts may be taken by the Hunt, it is to be feared that fox-hunters are powerless in this matter; they can only appeal to the sporting instincts of gunners, and ask that those principles of comradeship and give-and-take which ought to prevail in every branch of sport will not be allowed to lapse altogether. It is a large question, and no doubt a very plausible case could be put from the shooting standpoint; yet when all is said and done, fox-hunting is a national institution which would be very much missed throughout the land, and it is up to shooting people not to endanger its existence. These reflections have been suggested by the announcement I made in these pages last week that Lord Portman will only hunt his country two days a week next season instead of three, owing to the scarcity of foxes in some parts.

Quaint Phraseology

Some of the hunting notes which appear in the papers read quaintly now and then. For instance, a few days ago we were told that an unfortunate gentleman "got mixed up in a bad scrimmage," which suggests alarming combats in the hunting field for pride of place. Also, that the New Forest Hounds roused a fox who was "slow in his movements," a phrase that seems popular, for it recurred in slight variation with reference to another pack—the Belvoir—whose hunted fox "was so slow on his pins" that he was soon caught. Gee-up, foxes, this sort of thing really won't do! Again, it appears the Blackmore Vale pack is particular what it hunts, and refuses to waste its abilities on poor material, for we learn "that Annis Hill provided a ringing fox, which hounds gave up in disgust." One can almost see their well-bred sneers. It was a "Society" paper which recently told us that "Lady Londesborough is simply devoted to hunting—indeed, she had a *very bad* hunting accident a few years ago." Certainly this incident, which appears to be considered rather in the light of an achievement, must have whetted her ladyship's appetite for "more, more" of the soul-stirring chase, and, of course, explains her passionate fondness for it.

A. W. C.

A Meet of the Hambledon Hounds

Photo *Russell*

The Hambledon is one of the oldest established of the Hampshire packs, its history dating back to the eighteenth century. Formerly the country was divided, but this season saw it united under the popular Captain W. P. Standish

CONTINENTAL CHAT

An Empress's Eastern Tour

The Empress Eugénie's excursion to Ceylon has excited quite unusual attention in the Gay City, and speculation is rife as to what "fad" takes her there. Yet it is not at all an uncommon thing for an elderly Frenchwoman, after the occupations of an active life have lost their charm, to visit the places she has all her life longed to see. The Empress has always taken the greatest interest in the East. Her visit to Constantinople was one of the events of her life, and the late Sultan built a palace especially for her, hoping that this would induce her to return again and again. All Turkey was impressed by her distinguished bearing, so much more Royal than that of most actually Royal persons. That Eugénie should have chosen the mysteriously beautiful Ceylon, so rich in Buddhic lore and quaint Asiatic legends, for her two months' stay in the East is not surprising. It is also characteristic of the old-world ways of the Empress that she has resisted the temptation of making a world tour in her old age. Her next trip is to be to another of the most beautiful places on earth—Cashmere. Procrastination alone has prevented her from beginning these journeys long ere this, but now she has reached an age at which it has become a question of "now or never."

Photo *Boissonas and Taponier*

Will Not Wear the Ribbon of the Legion of Honour

Madame Marcelle Tinayre, whose literary achievements have been unexpectedly rewarded with the generally coveted decoration of the Legion of Honour. She shows unconcern at this flattering distinction, and announces her determination not to wear the privileged piece of red ribbon, because she thinks it incongruous that she should display the decoration which the Great Napoleon instituted as a reward for the bravest of his soldiers

* * *

Rothschild as a Model of a Beggar!

The Empress, by the way, was far more accessible in the days when she was a reigning Sovereign than she is now. Only her dearest friends and Royal personages are admitted to her presence, and long interviews are a thing of the past. At the Empress Eugénie's table has sat, probably, nearly every great man of her period. All and sundry were received, provided they had done something. Great financiers such as the Rothschilds, painters, Jesuit priests, sculptors, writers, and, as I have said before, travellers, were all to be seen there. She kept notes of her interesting conversations, and never lost an opportunity of extending her knowledge. No Sovereign had so superficial an education, and yet to-day, with the exception, perhaps, of Carmen Sylva, she is the most literary and possibly the best informed of them all. Speaking of the guests to be seen at her table reminds me of a little incident which originated at one of the Tuileries luncheons. The then head of the house of Rothschild was sitting opposite a great painter—I believe Ingres. Rothschild was not blessed with good looks, and had, moreover, an expression of distress and resignation combined. Ingres could not take his eyes off him, and this worried Rothschild not a little. After the meal, he asked Ingres why he had taken so great an interest in him, and, to his great amusement, Ingres confessed that he had been studying him as a model for the figure of a beggar in a picture he was then evolving! Rothschild's face brightened up. The look of distress vanished. "I will sit for you with pleasure," he said, and he did so. One day while he was posing in the garb of a beggar, a pupil of Ingres entered, and was so touched by the model's wretched appearance and expression that he slipped a five-franc piece into the poor man's hand, and vanished before an explanation was possible. Rothschild then inquired as to who the charitable young man was, and sent him next day £400 as interest on his well-invested five francs.

Happenings at the Vatican

Gossips in Continental Catholic circles are much exercised about what is happening in the inner circle at the Vatican. "'Merry' is too serious for Rome," is, in effect, the Cardinals' expressed opinion. Merry del Val is the youngest Cardinal, and, in the Italian sense, is a new man. He was singled out by the Pope for his general ability and extensive knowledge of men and things, and neither he nor the Pope have yet acquired—perhaps they never will—the Pagan spirit of Rome. They are both in dead earnest. The Pope is a "puritan" in spirit, gentle but dogged, loving ease and a game of cards, but doing his duty with determination. For his young Cardinal he has the deepest affection, because Merry del Val is not unlike himself in his decision of character. No opportunity is neglected of representing the Cardinal Secretary of State as the cause of the troubles in France, and the latest is that he is on the eve of making himself the "Mayor of the Palace," and carrying on the government of the Church to serve his own ends, with the Pope as a mere puppet.

All this nonsense is concocted to estrange his Holiness from his friend and adviser. Cardinal Merry is a *charmeur*, esteemed by everybody who is not envious of him, not only for his brilliant qualities, but for his sincere desire to eradicate Paganism from the Vatican. His mother being an Englishwoman, English is his mother-tongue, but his French, Spanish, and Italian are equally fluent. He is a slightly built man, with grace in every feature of his delicate Spanish head, and in his finely shaped hands.

* * *

A Strenuous Cardinal

One great grievance against Merry del Val is his passion for work. Till early in the morning people are accustomed to see his light burning, and know that the Cardinal Secretary of State has not yet retired to rest. It is a very great privilege to see Merry del Val and also to visit his room, situated in the oldest and most beautiful part of the Vatican. Visitors wait in a large frescoed ante-room with carved arm-chairs and stools of the same period. The room in which he receives is equally spacious. In one corner of it, next the window overlooking the room, sits the Cardinal's private secretary, who rises when guests enter, and, according to circumstances, retires or remains to transcribe what the Cardinal has just dictated. In the course of the morning he dictates in five or more different languages. Cardinal Merry conducts his visitor to the remotest corner of the room, and there conversation takes place in an undertone, as is traditional at the Vatican. The greetings and partings have a quaint old-world character. The bow before shaking hands on meeting, and after shaking hands on parting, belongs to another age, and stands out in strong contrast to the unmannerly bustle of the twentieth century.

A Woman Wins the Legion d'Honneur

A first-class authoress is not necessarily a first-class diplomatist. This must be the reflection of the admirers of Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, the brilliant writer of "La Maison du Péché," who, instead of keeping silence until she actually got the decoration of the Legion d'Honneur, made light of it in a daily paper. Her humility was no excuse. People in France value the little piece of red ribbon very highly, and Mme. Tinayre was evidently carried away by that *esprit frondeur* which cost so many brilliant Frenchmen and women their friends, though it has enriched the language with innumerable *bons mots*. Mme. Tinayre was afraid of being conspicuous in the street if she wore the decoration on ordinary occasions. This was an unfortunate reason to give, because well-bred Frenchmen do not display the *ruban* in all its glare, and it is an almost sure sign in the eyes of *tout Paris* of the plebeian status of a man if he makes any "show" of his decorations.

Cardinal Merry del Val in His Study at the Vatican

Gossips in Rome are busy as to the likelihood of a change in the State Secretaryship now held by the Cardinal, who is an intimate friend of the Pope

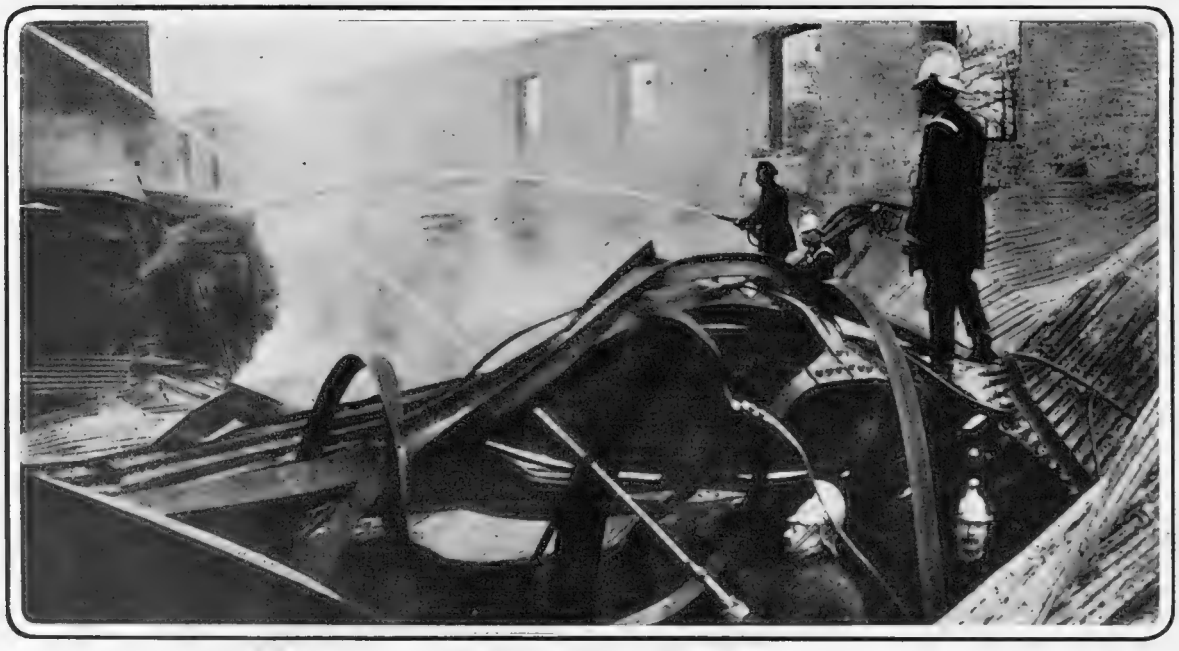
Origin of the Order

It is not a very old Order, having been instituted by the first Napoleon when he was First Consul. Although military in its character, it is awarded without distinction of occupation. There are five grades: Chevalier, Officier, Commandeur, Grand Officer, and Le Grand Cordon. The Chevalier, is, of course, the most common, but the Grand Cordon is given exclusively to the President of the Republic and the heads of States. It is only within the last few years that women have been honoured with this decoration. The first recipient was a certain village telegraph clerk during the Franco-Prussian War, who, at the risk of her own life, sent a telegram warning a French division, which saved it from falling into a trap laid by the Germans. That Mme. Tinayre should have been singled out for this great honour surprised her as much as her friends. The book which brought her to fame has become almost a classic, yet she has never written, and probably never will write, anything to equal it.

A Bindery Ablaze

THE £50,000 FIRE AT THE ROYAL MILLS, ESHER

A General View of the Burnt-out Mills



The Firemen Playing on the Flames

The central figure in the upper part of the photograph is Mr. S. A. P. Kitcat, of Esher, the old Gloucestershire cricketer, who was in command of the operations

Photos] **Among the Wreckage** [*Graphic Photo Union*

Esher was last week the scene of a disastrous fire at the big works of Messrs. H. B. Burn and Co., the well-known publishers' binders. The Esher, Kingston, Surbiton, and Ditton Brigades were quickly on the spot, but owing to the large quantity of inflammable material on the premises, they had a difficult task in getting the better of the flames. The damage is estimated at £50,000, and between 400 and 500 girls and other employées have been thrown out of work

Plays that are Drawing the Town

Scenes from Some Successes of the Season

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

"THE MOLLUSC" AT THE CRITERION

Miss Mary Moore as Mrs. Baxter; Sir C. Wyndham as Tom

A Four-Character Play

The Mollusc took a deal of explaining when it was first announced. Many had not heard of the clinging creature that, swept by the tide, wriggles and strives—in order to keep stationary. Such is Mrs. Baxter, one of the most highly finished comedy rôles Miss Mary Moore has ever been called upon to play. People stared when they learned that Mr. Hubert Henry Davies' new play contained but four characters. But if they had guessed what a rôle Mrs. Baxter, the selfish, indolent, lackadaisical tyrant, was to prove they would have ceased to marvel. She routs the whole household—her brother Tom (played in Sir Charles Wyndham's best style), her husband, and the governess. In the end, she is roused from lethargy, but, as Tom insinuates, the conversion is not likely to be lasting. So the play ends as it commences, and as it continues, on a note of comedy

"Dramatised Dickens" at His Majesty's

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD"

John Jasper (Mr. Tree) has a friendly talk with Edwin Drood (Basil Gill), the man he hates, and afterwards imagines he has mu-dered

The dainty Rosa Bud (Miss Adrienne Augarde) comes over faint with terror of John Jasper (Mr. Tree), and is attended by Helena Landless (Miss Constance Collier)

Photos *Burford*

John Jasper (Mr. Tree), inwardly quaking with terror, has to follow with interest, but without the slightest appearance of guilty concern, the attempts of Grewgious (Mr. William Haviland) and Mr. Crisparkle (Mr. Claude Flemming), to unravel the mystery of the murder of Edwin Drood

A Study in Remorse

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Tree as John Jasper in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" at His Majesty's

Mr. Tree's "John Jasper"

Another stage version of Dickens gone wrong, but playgoers need not feel too bitterly disappointed. Mr. Tree's performance of John Jasper makes up for much. It should not be missed by anyone who would witness a remarkable portrayal of the emotions—hatred and remorse. The actor casts such a spell upon his audience that we can see the mind of John Jasper working. Not one single fear with which he is haunted escapes us. The mental torture borne by the wretched man who imagines himself to be guilty of the murder of Edwin Drood so affects us that our own throats become dry in sympathy. Mr. Tree gives us a study in guilt and remorse so realistic that it is difficult to shake off the effect of it

The One-Gre

"THE THIEF" AT THE

Act I.

RICHARD (*Mr. George Alexander*) to PROTHERO (*Mr. Lyall Swete*): "But even supposing the boy has fal n in love with this young lady, what does it prove?"

Act II.

RICHARD (*Mr. George Alexander*): "Where di
MARISE (*Miss Irene Vanbrugh*): "What mo
RICHARD: "The money for this! The mo

It may be said of *The Thief* that it is written to exploit one gre
by step, and in a manner that recalls the big scene in *Mrs. Da*
that his wife has raised to hide the theft of which she has been
not reached, for suddenly she turns upon her husband and sec
Rather than submit to the agony of finding her husband turn ou
the money to buy pretty things to mak

Photos

3 Pal

t-Scene Play

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

Act I.

HARRY (*Mr. Reginald Owen*): "Marise, you're unkind, you're cruel. Does it amuse you to hurt me?"

lid you get this money?"
ey?"
y for this!! The money for this!!!"

eat scene—the bedroom scene pictured above. Here, step
ane's Defence, Richard Chelford breaks down the barrier
guilty. When she sobs out a confession, the climax is
eclares that her great love for him has been her undoing.
om her to more smartly dressed women, she has stolen
e her look beautiful in his eyes

Illustrations Bureau

"A White Man" at the Lyric

Mr. Menifee Johnstone
as Cash Hawkins

Miss Rita Leggiero as Little Hal,
Jim Carston's son

Mr. Lewis Waller
As Jim Carston, otherwise Captain the Hon. James Wynnegate

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Dorothy Dix as the Squaw Nat-u-ritch, who becomes the Wife of Jim Carston

A Clever American Character Actor

A White Man is melodrama, but once the author has taken us out of an impossible Maudsley Towers peopled by unreal aristocrats, he has a story to unfold that enchains our interest to the end. In the Long Horn saloon at Marenik, in Wyoming, and in Jim Carston's Ranch on Green River, Utah, we meet characters as picturesque and as forcible as those created by Bret Harte. Clever characterisation and stage management have combined to produce an "atmosphere" which alone would make the fortunes of the play. The Indian chief and his interpreter, the Sheriff, the Squaw, the saloon keeper, the cowboys—these are types that carry across the footlights. Add to this a strong story pulsating with human interest, and you have a thumping success for Mr. Waller and the members, both English and American, in his cast. Mr. Waller, to the great delight of his thousands of well-wishers, has struck a "winner." Mr. George Fawcett and Mr. Jack Ellis perform some notable acting in their respective parts of Big Bill and Bud Hardy

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MR. A. W. JACK ELLIS AS BUD HARDY, THE SHERIFF

"Arms and the Man" at the Savoy

Raina (*Miss Lillah McCarthy*) Blunt (*Mr. Robert Loraine*)

Mikola (*Mr. James Hearn*

"The chocolate creams! I'm sorry,
I've eaten them all but these"

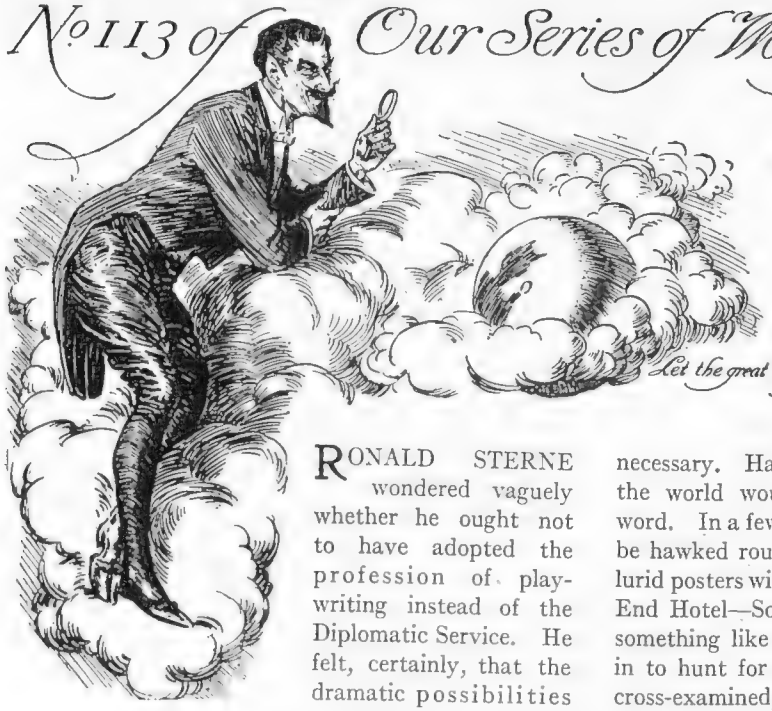
Mr. Shaw's Best Play

Many will quarrel with the categoric statement involved in this heading. But, then, is it not Mr. Shaw's *métier* to stir up strife among his critics? Do not some reverence him as a great philosopher and others pity him for a jester? *Arms and the Man* tells an intelligible story with infinite point and humour. It is written in the author's earlier (and more welcome) manner. He had not learned in those days to go off the track into disquisitions on every burning question under the sun. It is not a hit at militarism. The character of Lieut. Blunt ("the chocolate-cream soldier") is used to develop the thesis that a man of sound common sense, with no high-falutin' notions of his birth or rank or prejudices, will succeed in any walk of life. He is the son of a hotel-keeper, and succeeding to his father's great business effects (and including napery), he turns mockingly, but without any malice, to his unsuccessful rival for Raina's hand and says, "How many table-cloths have you?"

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

Blunt to Major Sergius Saranoff (*Mr. Granville Barker*): "How many table-cloths have you?"

No. 113 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



An Eye for an Eye

By MAXWELL LANG

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

RONALD STERNE wondered vaguely whether he ought not to have adopted the profession of play-writing instead of the Diplomatic Service. He felt, certainly, that the dramatic possibilities of the scene in which he had just been the principal actor were immense. He looked round the richly furnished apartment, with its heavy deep red velvet curtains, the electric lights with their red shades throwing forth a soft red light. Then, once again, his eyes rested momentarily on—it. With a sudden mental jerk he reflected that the door was unlocked, and he softly crossed over to it, opened it noiselessly, and looked to see if anyone were in sight. It flashed through his mind that he had been taking a mad risk, for in these hotels, with their thick carpets, anyone might have turned the handle of the door and caught him *in flagranti delicto*. But the passage was deserted, and with a sigh of relief he once again shut the door, and this time locked it.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY FELLOWES-WILSON

Again his eyes rested on the figure lying recumbent on the lounge. It seemed impossible to believe that she was dead, that he had killed her but a minute ago. Beyond a pallor more pronounced than usual, she looked exactly as she always appeared, even to the cynical smile on her thin lips. The red rose in her black hair smelt fragrant and sweet, and he could almost imagine he saw her bosom heaving under her red sequined gown. Red was *her* colour—it was also the colour of blood. Bah! this was no time to give way to morbidness. He must not lose his head. After all, she had deserved all she got, and he had done it as nicely as possible, for, thank goodness, he hadn't made a beastly mess, anyhow. He knew something about anatomy, and when he had stabbed her he had pressed the weapon up to the hilt just over the heart.

After all, he reflected, as he sat down in a comfortable chair and lighted a cigarette, she had brought it on herself. It was a question of her guilty life or an innocent one, and it was she who had made the choice necessary. Had he done wrong to kill her? Murder, the world would call it. Murder! Ugh! an ugly word. In a few short hours the papers would doubtless be hawked round by hoarse shouting youths carrying lurid posters with the words, "Terrible Murder in West-End Hotel—Society Lady Stabbed to the Heart," or something like that. Scotland Yard would be called in to hunt for clues. The hotel servants would be cross-examined, and the detectives would lose no opportunity to follow up the slightest indication which could bring home the guilt to somebody.

Sterne laughed softly to himself. Somehow, now he had himself actually taken a human life, it seemed quite a triviality. And yet, not more than a few weeks ago, he had thought differently when the country had been convulsed by an exciting murder trial in which the real murderer, though undoubtedly guilty, had escaped the gallows owing to a break in the thread of evidence against him. The man had been so clumsy too, had seemed to try his best to get himself convicted, had prevaricated, lied, and posed. What fools the police were in reality unless a clue was thrown at their heads. In this instance there was going to be no clue. Everything had been carefully calculated on beforehand. "Cold premeditated murder," the reporters would call it. But was it premeditated? He had been prepared for emergencies when he went, but he had hoped not to be driven to extremes. He felt himself idly wondering what the legal definition would be as regards the premeditation. Anyhow, she had helped him. He pulled a scented note with a great monogram in red upon it out of his pocket:

DEAR RONNIE,—I hear you are in town. Come and see me to-night at the Empire Hotel, the same suite as before, No. 9, first floor. Be careful no one sees you, as John is having me watched, I believe. Don't come up by the lift but take the main staircase, and when you reach the first floor turn to the left, take the first ion the right and the *salon* is the left-hand door. I shall expect you any time after 9.30 p.m., *but once again be careful no one sees you or it may be dangerous.* John will be kept in the House by an all-night sitting.—Yours as ever, HILDA.

Well? He had read into that letter many things that were not actually written there. "Come and see me to-night at the Empire Hotel" really had these words after them, "and try to explain your engagement

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

to me." Again, the words "it may be dangerous" conveyed not only a warning, but a threat. The Divorce Court had flashed through his mind as he read the words. Dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's," the whole letter breathed a spirit of revenge. She was known as a passionate, daring woman, and yet one who was clever and calculating into the bargain. One never quite knew what she would do, and in that uncertainty lay much of her charm. Her beauty was famous, though her heyday was over. Sometimes she gave a suggestion of being *passée*, but he had never noticed it. She had heard he was engaged to Iris, the sweetest, purest little girl in the world, and that she would make a devil of a fuss over it was only to be expected. A discarded mistress, especially if she be imperious by nature, always turned up rusty on such occasions, but he had never expected blackmail.

But to come back to the clues, which was the main thing that concerned him now. He was to be married in a week, and he did not want the ceremony postponed through any thoughtlessness on his part. Frequently men who went through a crisis of the nature he had just experienced were so infernally careless. But, fortunately, owing to his having thought it all out beforehand, nothing had been left to chance. He had not driven up to the hotel, he had walked in, and, moreover, he had taken the opportunity to slip in when other persons were entering. He got into the hotel in their wake, and no one took the slightest notice of him. Avoiding the lift, he had walked up the main staircase, and reached the threshold of the door without encountering a soul. He had opened the door, and found her sitting in almost exactly the same posture as she was in now.

Once more he looked at the corpse. A change had come over it. The eyes had become glazed, which he had not noticed before, and with an involuntary movement he raised himself from his chair, stooped over her, and reverently closed her eyes with a coin, which he had heard was the right way. But the eyes would not close. After a few vain attempts he gave it up, and selecting a fresh cigarette from the box on the table alongside her, proceeded to light it. She had been smoking one of these as he entered. She had smiled meaningly at him as he came over to her.

"You have deserted me for a long while, Ronnie," she had said.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Lulu Louden

The principal girl in *Mother Goose*, at the Broadway Theatre. She was lately playing Rosa Ray in *The Christian* at the Lyceum, and recently completed an extensive tour through the States

He had thought out the conversation beforehand. If you have a difficult interview you must be prepared in advance, and you must see that it follows along the line you have mapped out. So he arrived straight at the point.

"You know very well why."

"Don't look so fierce, you quite alarm me. Won't you kiss me?"

He had kissed her, though he could almost have bitten out his tongue for so doing. But it was just that mesmeric power she exercised over him that exasperated him so—afterwards.

"Now you are more like my own Ronnie," she murmured as she released him. True, he knew the colour had mounted into his cheeks, and his breath quickened as she drew his head down to her bosom. But he had managed to struggle away from her overpowering caresses.

"You know why I have not been to see you," he began, in a voice which he recognised trembled though he tried hard to be resolute, "and, of course, that was why you sent for me."

"Do you allude to your approaching marriage?" she asked in an even voice.

"Yes."

"Well, surely you don't think that disturbs me?"

"No?"

He had put a note of interrogation into the negative against his will. It certainly perplexed, and, perhaps, rather vexed him to find her so composed when he had expected her to rise to the heights of passion.

"Of course it doesn't," she continued, as she negligently lighted a cigarette; "in fact, I'm glad. They say she is a nice girl, though with nothing to say, which is what you men seem to look for in wives. Her connections are valuable, and with her money, if you teach her to be tactful, I expect you will rise to the heights of your profession. You'll be an Ambassador in France before many years are over, I daresay," she added with a little laugh, which had a note of mockery in it.

He breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm glad you take it so sensibly, Hilda," he observed; "I was a fool to misjudge you. If only there were more clever women about, half the difficulties of life would not happen. You see at once that friendships like ours cannot last for ever, cannot hope to be permanent. But we shall always, I hope, keep a soft corner in our hearts for one another."

(*Continued on page 190*)

"Sweet Narciss', a Penny a Bunch"

SCENES IN SCILLY, OUR WINTER FLOWER GARDEN

Welcome harbingers of Spring are the "Sweet narciss', only a penny a bunch" to the Londoner, buffeted by the alternate freezings and thawings of an English winter, for they remind him that bright and sunny weather already reigns in one portion of our realm—the Scilly Isles. These rocky islands off the Cornish coast are covered with acre upon acre of these beautiful blooms, and hundreds of tons of flowers are every year sent to London and other large towns

A Fragrant Load

Gathering the Spoils from the Acres of Blossoms

Photos

Packing the Bunches

Miss Best

A Tropical Corner

Narcissus growing in the shade of palms

(*Continued from page 188*)

This was one of the sentences he had thought out in advance, and he prided himself that he had delivered it with *éclat*. After all, Hilda was behaving very decently, and he was ashamed of himself in his heart for having misjudged her letter.

"Diplomatists—even only third secretaries of Embassy—are supposed to understand women. Do you not know, my dear Ronnie, that it is easy to take on with a woman, but difficult to shake her off? I think it is an old proverb that comes from somewhere."

Her cold, incisive manner struck him as though she had slapped his face.

"What do you mean?" he muttered.

Momentarily her eyes flashed out at him; then she looked at him from under her lids and spoke languidly:

"What do *you* mean?"

"I have told you. I am going to be married, and our liaison has to end."

"Don't use such nasty language, Ronnie," she purred softly. "Liaison! It sounds like the Lyceum or—or the Divorce Court. Properly refined people term it an affinity. But I'm afraid I don't agree with your cause and effect. You have told me you are going to be married; so am I married, but I have given up a great deal for you. Even now I am taking serious risks because I wanted to see you. John has put horrid people on to watch me I know, and if he were to know you were here again he would writ you immediately, I am certain. Married or not, you cannot throw me over, Ronnie; it's too late now."

He looked at her narrowly for a moment before speaking.

"And if I tell you that the past has got to be forgotten; if I tell you that I intend to begin a new life with my marriage, what then?"

Hilda had laughed noiselessly; he knew then how remorseless she was.

"You would have made really a splendid tragedian, Ronnie. You can mouth and roll your sentences so well. Why ask me what I should do? A betrayed woman is always dangerous, you know."

"Why not answer my question?"

"I do not see why you should ask me to show you my hand. However, because I love you, yes, even in spite of all this, I will tell you. John is tired of me. My bills, and not my career, exasperate him. You are heir to a baronetcy, and I suppose he would think you worth powder and shot——."

"Pray go on."

She spread out her hands deprecatingly; they were beautiful hands, and had often helped her in her conquests.

"Is it necessary to descend to vulgar details?"

"Believe me, I find it very entertaining," he had said with a sneer.

"If my husband were to divorce me, he would be relieved of the expense of maintaining me, and, incidentally, his conscience would be salved if he settled any damages he obtained on me. I think he would as soon go for you as not."

"Would he believe your confession?" he had asked her.

"Confession? My dear child, I should not confess. A confession is stupid. No. I would merely leave a certain packet of letters about which would, I think you will agree, furnish him with any evidence he might require."

"And what would you gain by it? Surely to revenge yourself on me that way would do you far more harm than me. You are a beautiful woman, Hilda, and you know it. I am not the first man, by long chalks, who has fallen a victim to your charms, but I daresay I am the least important of them. Why should you, then, go for me?"

These words had roused her; she now revealed herself, and turned fiercely on him.

"Why? Why? For the very reason you give! Do you think I, a woman whose beauty is famous on three continents, a woman to whom some of the greatest men in the world have paid homage, do you think, I say, that I will allow an unknown youth whom I have made, who owes his advancement to my influence, to throw me aside like an old glove when he thinks he has no further use for me? Never! You come to me as though I were some unclean thing not to be mentioned in the same breath as your little pink-and-white, insipid miss you are going to honour by marrying." She suddenly cooled down after these words, threw herself again on the lounge, and added, "You have got to pay for it if you wish me to release you. I want five thousand pounds for those letters."

The words fell on him like a death knell. Five thousand pounds! He was a poor man; heir, it is true, to an ancient baronetcy, but one of impoverished estate. As it was, his debts were heavy, but by his marriage things would be righted, as his *fiancée's* father was a wealthy man, and was pleased with the prospect of the match. The attempt at blackmail was preposterous, and he no longer felt any compunction for her. He felt quietly in his inner breast-pocket for something to assure himself of its presence. It was there all right. His game now was to lead her on.

"It seems a long price, Hilda, but, after all, I deserve all you have said of me," he observed, "and I must find that amount. I suppose it isn't bluff, though?"

"Bluff?"

"I mean to say you really have kept my letters? I should have thought you were too discreet. You cannot expect me to pay over such a large sum unless I receive them back, eh?"

"Your letters!" she said scornfully, "are all intact." She crossed over the room to a little cabinet, which she unlocked, and showed him a packet tied with ribbon. While she was thus engaged, he had unsheathed the instrument in his pocket, and had placed it in readiness up his left sleeve. Then she had returned to her couch, and he had risen as though to take his departure.

"Well, good-bye, Hilda," he had said, "you have got the best of me this time. I will get the money, and perhaps you will then send the letters to my lawyer's."

All this time he was watching her. She wore a low-cut evening dress, and it was not difficult to see where to strike. Suddenly he drew out the *stiletto*—it was a common article which no one could trace to him—and plunged it into her bosom to the hilt. She did not scream, and the only word she had uttered was "Don't." Then she sank back, and never moved again. Not a speck of blood had come over him. What an easy job it was, to put a person "away." On the other hand, he supposed it was murder. Yet was not the ruin of happiness of an innocent life also murder? Another

(*Continued on page 193*)

Louis XIV's Beautiful Favourite

Photo *Reutlinger*

Mlle. Gilda Darthey as La Marquise de Montespan in "L'Affaire des Poisons"

Louis XIV's beautiful favourite, who was afterwards ousted by the more famous Madame de Maintenon in her Royal master's favour, is one of the central figures in Victorien Sardou's *L'Affaire des Poisons*, now being produced in Paris. There is a possibility of an English version of the play being produced in London

Photo *Dr. Wingate-Saul*

THE CAMERA IN ASIA MINOR: A SNAPSHOT IN THE STREETS OF SMYRNA

Those who suppose that the camel has been superannuated from his traditional duties as carrier-in-chief of Oriental merchandise will note that he has not. He is as much in use as ever—even in so cosmopolitan a seaport as Smyrna

(Continued from page 190)

kind, but more insidious in its results than planting a knife in an enemy's heart.

The clock struck ten. Heavens! Had only half an hour passed since he had entered that room? It seemed like Eternity. His object now must be to get away quietly. He had taken the packet of letters, and noted with grim satisfaction that there were two or three other batches in different handwritings. There was nothing more to be done but to get away unobserved. He put on his opera hat, when a sudden impulse led him to approach the body, and, bending over gingerly, so that he should not be spotted by blood, kissed her on the lips.

He got along the passages safely, and was descending the staircase, when his heart stood still. Coming up the staircase, and accompanied by the manager of the hotel, was Colonel John Bellairs, C.B., M.P., who, he had supposed, was safe in the House for the night. For an instant his courage faltered; he nearly turned tail. But the two men were in earnest conversation, and did not appear to notice him. He blew his nose as he passed them so as to conceal his features as much as possible. He must get out of this cursed hotel as quickly as he could. He felt stifled, as though he would choke.

The fresh air revived him, and he walked away quickly to his club. Would they pursue him? Had the Colonel recognised him? What damnable luck to meet him when he was expected to be at the House. If he had not allowed that minute to kiss her he would have avoided meeting the Colonel. That final kiss, a kiss which, if it were not sentiment for the past, was it going to hang him? And in his mind he saw the gallows.

. . . . . .

When the Colonel reached the drawing-room of his suite, he saw instantaneously with the manager what had happened. The manager's tongue froze to the roof of his mouth, but the Colonel kept his wits about him.

"Quick!" he cried. "Fetch a doctor, and telephone to Scotland Yard!"

In a jiffy he had the manager out of the room, and then he did a curious thing. He pulled the jewellery and rings off his wife's neck and hands, and, retiring for an instant to the bedroom, he found her jewellery case and practically rifled it of its contents. Then he carefully scattered her brushes and other articles about the bedroom which inter-communicated.

When Scotland Yard got to work on the case the Inspector found the motive for the crime without any difficulty. The crime was reconstructed with masterly skill, and everything accomplished but the capture of the murderer or murderers. Everyone condoled with the bereaved husband, and he got more advertisement through it than he had ever dreamed of. He had political ambitions.

"Whew!" remarked the Colonel quietly to himself, "it was touch and go with me. If I had not faked the robbery, the scandal, if it came out, might have ruined my political career. I suppose she was blackmailing young Sterne. I could swear I met him on the staircase."

And Sterne is happily married.

MAXWELL LANG.

Bargaining at Brusa, near Constantinople

This charming Oriental town, lying on the Asiatic banks of the Bosphorus, is within easy reach of Constantinople, and is a favourite rendezvous with visitors to the Turkish capital when they want to feel that they really are in Asia. As Englishmen who have visited Constantinople know only too well, the business methods of the Turk are now about as cute as those of any European, and a bargain is a hard thing to drive. This is not a natural Turkish characteristic, but one he has acquired from his Greek and Armenian fellow citizens

The Connoisseur.

"Old and Deceased Masters" at Burlington House

The intention which the executive of the Royal Academy of Arts have in view in holding their Winter Exhibitions is the edification of the public in general and the education of the Academy students in particular. These objects have not been attained. One might assume from the hybrid conglomeration of pictures on exhibition this year that the objective of the powers that be was to give the Academy *cachet* either to bad works of indifferent painters, or to spurious frauds to which the names of great masters have been wrongly attached. Out of 245 exhibits, only one-fifth may be considered as eligible, and the remainder ineligible for one very good reason or another.

Names Taken in Vain

Number 32 is not a Botticelli, 33 is not a Raphael, 125 is not a Rembrandt, 127 is not a Titian, 130 is not a Van Dyck, 167 is not a Reynolds, and 169 is not a Romney. Neither 126 nor 132 are by Rubens. The names of these painters have been taken in vain. In the case of 127, above mentioned, wrongfully attributed to Titian, there is the saving grace that it is a production of merit—one that did not require a false label to improve the product. Among the pictures that make the exhibition worth going miles to gloat over may be mentioned the portrait of Patrick, 9th Baron Glamis (21), by an unknown artist; the Le Nains' "Soldiers Quarrelling" (51), Zoffany's portrait of "Thomas King as Lord Ogleby" (83), Knapton's "Miss Ebberton" (107), Hoppner's "The Misses Fannings" (160), the portrait of Aubrey de Vere, 20th Earl of Oxford (161), ascribed to Samuel Cooper, and the "Colonel William Fuller" (171), by Sir William Beechey. Then, again, Susterman's "Portrait of a Man" (128) is a work for all time, and John Crome's exquisite "View of Norwich" (177) is a source of delight, whilst words fail to describe adequately the glories of what I take to be the gem of the exhibition, Raeburn's portrait of "Mrs. Home Drummond" (164).

A Subtle Distinction

From the students' point of view, the collection of Hogarths here brought together is instructive. With the exception of that artist's "Sarah Malcolm" (98), all his works on view appear more or less stilted and flat. He either unpoetically depicts the unpoetical or is bluntly unnatural. In his "Southwark Fair" (87) we see painted a series of happenings each so distinct from the other that each item forms a feature and subject of its own. The subtle distinction made in the catalogue between "old" and "deceased" masters evidently covers some sly joke, only to be appreciated by those initiated.

Hogarth's "Southwark Fair," now being exhibited at the Old Masters' Exhibition at the Royal Academy

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann from "William Hogarth" by Austin Dobson)

Ski Heil!

"THE SPORT OF SPORTS" IN GREAT BRITAIN

On the road from Glack to Kingussie, in the Cairn Gorm Mountains, Aberdeen

In the Peak District

Mr. C. R. Wingfield on the road to Peak Forest some time after leaving Hargate Wall

Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

An Awkward Kick-turn in descending a Scottish Mountain-side

Ski running is a great sport; in Sweden it is called "the sport of sports." Ten years ago the Continent of Europe, outside Scandinavia, looked upon the solitary ski-ing enthusiast as an adventurous lunatic; now he makes his tracks wherever snow is to be found without exciting wonder. In this country the bleak Peak District of Derbyshire knows him, Millersdale to Glossop, *viâ* Chapel en le Frith, is a gorgeous tour. For at least a month the Cairn Gorm Mountains, round Kingussie and Aviemore, are difficult to surpass and almost rival as a touring ground the deservedly vaunted Engadine, Tyrol, or Chamounix Districts. Nothing brings out the best qualities of dogged determination and brilliant pluck as ski-ing does. The toilsome way, the many miles of grinding collar work, the mountain nervousness, the fear of being overtaken by the dark, are all willingly encountered for the joy of high altitudes and solitude. And above all this there is the free run down, the abandonment to pure speed, the very essence of man-controlled swiftness. No machinery, no artificial brake or carefully prepared track. Mile after mile of country flashes past. The bold runner sets his face down and ever down, takes obstacles or awkward patches as they present themselves. Surely the climax of dexterity is reached by the performer who can dart through the air for a space of 130 feet, land with graceful stability, dart at the rate of seventy mile an hour to the bottom of a hill and stop. Ski-ing is a gallant sport, and a cheap one withal. Thirty-five shillings in London or thirty in Christiania will buy the best ski in the world; a few shillings for a pair of light bamboo canes, a thick pair of roomy boots, warm, rough clothes, a bold spirit, a little dash, some caution, a love of nature in its grandest moods, and there you are— the complete ski-runner!

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Sheaves." By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann: 6s.)

"Lord Cammarleigh's Secret." By Roy Horniman. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

"Hustled History." By the Author of "Wisdom While You Wait." (Pitman: 1s.)

The Problem of "Sheaves"

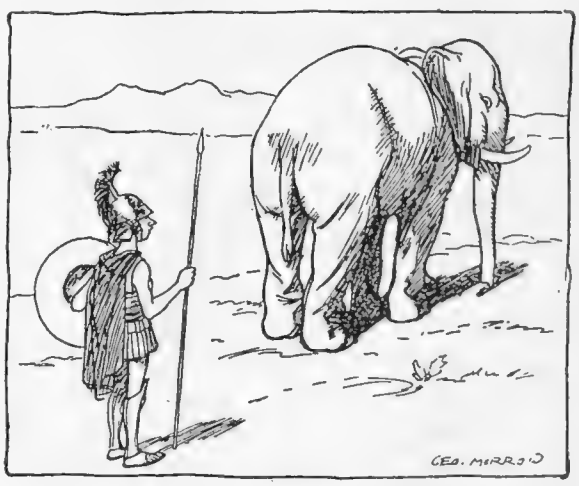
When a man of twenty-four is attracted by a woman of forty-two, and falls honestly in love with her and marries her, what really would follow? Such is the question opened for us by Mr. E. F. Benson in *Sheaves* (Heinemann: 6*s*.). Edith Allbutt, widow of a reprobate, has settled down to a quiet art-life all by herself away in the country. Fate hurls at her Hugh Grainger, who, though twenty-four, *and* a tenor of high artistic quality, is, nevertheless, a winsome, natural man. Their love is, it is true, born of psychical rather than of physical affinity: Hugh is attracted to Edith largely because he has seen and been overwhelmed by a play she has penned under a pseudonym, and Edith is allured by Hugh's lovely voice—by the way he does sing Schumann and the way he promises to sing Wagner. But their married life, though marked by Hugh's successive triumphs as "Lohengrin," "Tristan," etc., is most auspiciously passionate. The reader's curiosity is immense as to how Destiny will deal with the curiously mated pair. The world prophesies disaster. When Hugh is still young, his wife, they say, will be elderly. And the artistic temperament being what it is, who is going to guarantee Hugh's lifelong fidelity? Mr. Benson's solution of the problem is—Death. He invests Edith with consumption, and kills her, leaving Hugh free to the world, and not too utterly prostrated with grief. Death will, I suppose, remain the novelist's prime resource for extricating characters from incongruous situations. It is easy, it is dramatically effective. But it is not exactly real. In actual life, Hugh and Edith would, in all probability, have survived. Death would be not in the least likely to oblige by stepping in and solving so pretty a pickle. Whatever else Death is, he is never opportune, save at the professional call of murder. The probable *dénouement* of *Sheaves*, and that which Mr. Benson as an effective popular novelist has naturally avoided, would be that Hugh would have grown tired of stage triumphs, would have sickened of—to employ his own words—"squalling at the opera" just because "the women wanted him to be doing something definite." He would, in time, have retired to the country, and fished and hunted and shot. And in so doing, he would have broken Edith's heart, for *her* idea would be that he should go on "squalling," or, rather, giving divinely idealistic representations of "Lohengrin" and "Tristan," while she sat gloating in the opera-house. This would, however, have made a dull and disappointing finish to an excellent novel, and, perhaps, Mr. Benson has done the best thing from the purely artistic, if not from the realistic, standpoint.

An Up-to Date Fairy Story

There is, in modern legend lore, the story of a scoundrel of irreverent tendencies who was anxious to rid the nation of its clergy. So, to every name in Crockford he addressed a telegram worded:

"All is discovered. Fly."

And it worked.



From "Hustled History"

"The Discovery of Trowsers"

One of the humorous sketches in "Hustled History," by the author of "Wisdom While You Wait." (Pitman: 1*s*.)

There is a smack of this about the plot of Mr. Roy Horniman's new novel, *Lord Cammarleigh's Secret* (Chatto and Windus: 6*s*.). Spying on the steps of a Grosvenor Square mansion the figure of a well-known Marquis, Anthony Brooke, a penniless actor, goes up to his lordship and hisses in his ear, "I know your secret." And it works. The frightened peer takes Anthony forthwith into his household, and, acted upon by Anthony's threats, makes him his private secretary. From this beginning, Anthony obtains a complete mastery of the Marquis, becomes a brilliant social success, and ends up by marrying the peer's niece and getting elected M.P. for the county.

* * *

The Passing of the Epigram

This is avowed to be a sort of modern fairy tale by the author, and, accepted as such, we must admit its plausibility. The period of the story is about seven or eight years ago. Bearing this in mind, it is quite permissible to imagine an obscure young man of neither birth nor breeding winning his social spurs by elegance of pose and impertinence of speech. The epigram was, at the very beginning of the present century, still a fearsome weapon in the drawing-room. People

did not then entirely recognise how easy was its manufacture; and ethical perversity had still, despite the police, a certain vogue. Now, however, alas! the mode has changed. The epigram has gone, and the ethical perversity of which it was the child has left Mayfair for, apparently (if recent criminal proceedings are a guide), Camden Town. Thus an Anthony Brooke, though he might bluff his way through the society of to-day, would have to select another weapon. Epigrams might get him into the servants' hall; hardly beyond. Particularly improbable is it that a young woman of the period, corresponding to Sybil Bruton, would fall in love with such an anachronism as he, or tolerate, for one sitting, courtship by epigram.

* * *

The Subtlety of Current Humour

While the pictorial humour of the day grows broader in its appeal, the literary humour tends more and more to subtlety. Time was when, say, *Punch*, was a light and airy trifle to be picked up from the club table at an odd moment between naps, to be thrown down again after a few guffaws. To-day one does not pick up *Punch*. One orders it, lowly and reverently, with one's *Spectator* or *Truth*; one apportions to it a fixed interval of time, and reserves for it a specific quantity of cerebral tissue. One laughs, of course, at *Punch*—when the joke is caught, but the chase requires keen scent and hard riding, and a sound knowledge of one's bearings. Much the same is to be said of a deal more of the journalistic humour of the day.

* * *

"Hustled History"

The arch-mystics of this new humour are Messrs. Lucas and Graves. With each year, these two Gnostics grow darker and darker. If their earlier transactions, such as "Wisdom While You Wait," required in the reader an inner knowledge of the foibles of the *Times*, their latest, *Hustled History* (Pitman: 1s.), demands an acquaintance with those of the entire journalistic kingdom. Every paper and everybody who does anything in a public way is here roasted. Theme: The History of the World. Variations: Everybody's comments on each event as it happens. The news of the Flood is dealt with by Sir John Fisher, our own Mr. Hugh Clements, the *Daily Chronicle*, Mr. Arnold White, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Stephen Coleridge, and is illustrated by the *Daily Mirror*. The Siege of Troy, by the *Daily Mail*, "T. P.," Mr. C. B. Fry, Sir A. Conan Doyle, etc., etc. And similarly the other events of history. The possibilities are, of course, terrific. Nobody escapes satire, and those who know the peculiarities of London's various literary eccentrics will laugh themselves hoarse at the lampooning.

The others? Ah, there you have it! For the millions who do not read all the London papers and are, therefore, ignorant of the inner humours of newspaperdom — for these, I fear, Messrs. Lucas and Graves have hustled history in vain. These would be as likely to laugh at a hieroglyphical exposition of the principles of Skythic Buddhism as at some of the written allusions, though many of the illustrations and the "spoof" advertisements are certainly broad enough to appeal to the man in the street. For instance, the sketch reproduced on the previous page, entitled "The Discovery of Trowsers."

* * *

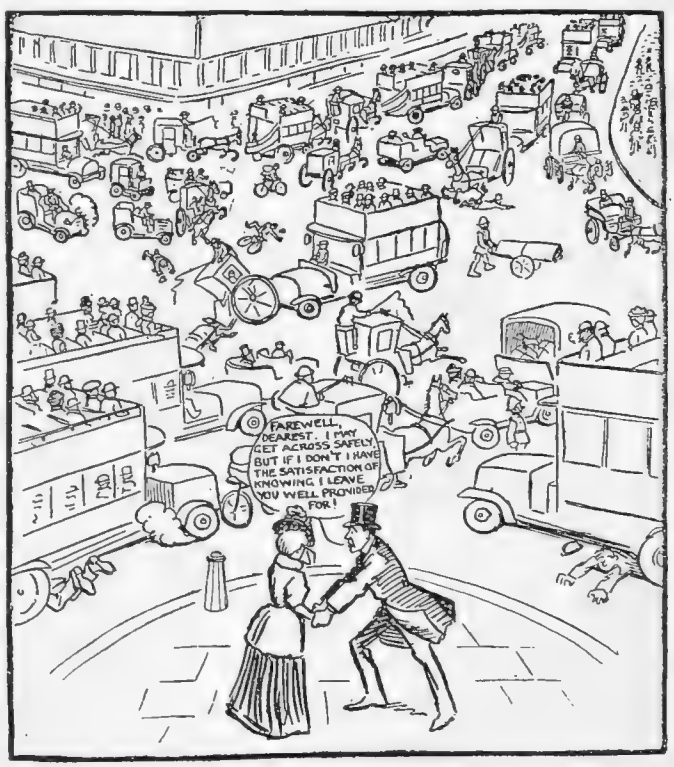
Something Really Funny

Many of the gibes of *Hustled History* are directed against our contemporaries of the Amalgamated Press. (What would the Mystics do without them!) And yet it is curious that one of the few really humorous men of the day, at once satirist and artist, is the own discovery of one of the papers mostly victimised. A more honestly humorous book than the *Daily Mirror* cartoons, by Mr. W. K. Haselden (1s.), has not come my way for years. If Messrs. Lucas and Graves can with their *Hustled History* kill their hundreds, Mr. Haselden can easily kill his hundreds of thousands, for his insight into life—or, rather, his insight into human weaknesses in our complicated modern civilisation—is remarkable. Unlike most caricaturists, Mr. Haselden leaves politics severely alone, and perhaps that is one of the secrets of his popularity, for a vast number of the public are sick of facetiousness in connection with politics, when round about our lives every day something requires the attention of the capable artist, who can discriminate the little foibles of humanity.

* * * V. C.

A Forthcoming Novel

Towards the end of this month (January) Messrs. Rebman will publish, at six shillings, a sensational story, in which the interest and excitement are sustained literally from the first page to the last. This story is from the pen of Mr. Basil Tozer, the well-known essayist and journalist, who hitherto has confined his attempts at writing fiction to short stories only, but these have appeared in the *Strand Magazine*, and other leading periodicals. The title of this, his first long work of fiction, will be "A Daughter of Belial."



Heroism in Every-day Life

The man who crosses a London street in these days without trembling should be decorated as a hero. The pedestrian at the present period is a sort of outlaw (*From the drawing by W. K. Haselden in "'Daily Mirror' Reflections"*)

Golf Notes and Notions

Course Construction

It has always been a cause of surprise to me to see, when a new club is being formed, that such and such an eminent professional has been called in by the committee to examine the ground and to prepare a plan of the course. In former days, when golf was played only by the elect few in England, it was only natural that considerable ignorance on the subject of course construction should exist in the minds of the members of a new club when they were called upon to lay out links over which to play a game whose rudiments alone they knew. Then it was perfectly proper for them to turn for aid to some leading professional, and to employ his services in a difficult job, which the committee were not competent to carry out themselves with the aid of their members. But nowadays nearly everyone plays golf. It is almost inconceivable that a club should be started in any district either in England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland, where there is not a nucleus of men who know something about the game from practical experience. Yet, still the familiar report meets our eyes in any prospectus of a new club. "So-and-so" (one of the great, wise, and eminent among the professionals) "has examined the ground, and reports that it is admirably suited for the purpose of golf, and that, when made, the course will compare favourably with any other in existence of its kind." Then the course is made according to the ideas of the great and eminent one, and the members begin to play over it. Very often they don't like it, but they fear to change it, as it has been designed by such a great man. Probably time wipes out this fear, and then, at considerable expense, the committee and members alter their course to suit their own pleasure and convenience, and only regret that they did not boldly at the start dispense with all professional aid and lay out their own course themselves.

A Diplomat

"Say, Uncle! Got change for a fiver?"
"Bless my soul, yes, my lad!"
"Well, lend it me!"

By P. H. Baynes

Amateur v. Professional Views

I make bold to hazard the assertion that very few courses laid out by a professional for a club have been left in their original state. The truth of the matter is that amateur and professional views of what constitutes a proper course are widely divergent. The amateur looks upon a course as an arena of enjoyment, and lays his plans accordingly, with no particular eye to scoring or records; while the professional looks at it from the business point of view and plans his holes with an eye to ideal play, championship form, and scoring competitions. It is impossible for any man, however great he may be as a player, and however sound and thorough his knowledge of the game and all the great links on which it is played, to come down to some new place, stay there for a few days, and then hand in a plan of a course which shall be permanently satisfactory. It is much better for the members of the new club to choose from among themselves a committee consisting of players representing every section, from the short to the long handicap men, and to entrust to this committee the duty of laying out the course.

An Unwise Policy

I pressed this view on a member of a club which is about to lay out a fresh course. His reason for the engagement of a professional struck me as a very weak one. "If we lay out the course ourselves," he said, "members will be constantly complaining of this, that, and the other hazard, of the length of the holes, and the position of the greens, but if everything has been planned by a first-class professional, they won't be able to say anything, and will have to put up with the course as they find it." This seems to me not only a cowardly, but a very unwise policy, for it may be taken as a certainty that if the members are dissatisfied with the course, they will not rest till they get it altered. Thus fresh expense will be entailed. It may be said that no course is ever laid out which is satisfactory to everyone. But I am quite sure that a course laid out by a representative body of members, with a thorough and intimate knowledge of the ground, is far more likely to meet the views of the vast majority of members than one laid out by one man called in from the outside. Amateurs are far too much led by the nose in these matters, and I am anxious they should assert themselves in matters connected with the game in far more decisive manner than they generally do. After all, the vast majority of players are amateurs, who play for the love of the game, and not for business objects.

Ernest Lehmann.

Lawn Tennis on the Riviera

THE NICE CLUB'S NEW YEAR TOURNAMENT

Miss Dillon and W. Caudery

Opponents in the Mixed Doubles, discussing the merits of a racket

Mlle. Démoucny

The winner of the Ladies' Singles

Count de Broël-Plater

Second to Mr. Stone in the Gentlemen's Singles

Photos *Park*

The Final of the Mixed Doubles: Rev. R. J. Stone and Miss Dillon, who beat W. Caudery and Mlle. Vidal-Soler

Mr. Stone, who also won the Men's Singles, is standing on the right of the grou·, and Miss Dillon has her back to the camera. Both are well-known competitors in English tournaments

GAMES AND PASTIMES

RUGGER AND SOCCER TOPICS

Beaten, but not too badly

A margin of ten points is a pretty big one to be beaten by, and yet Saturday's match at Bristol was the best fight that England has put up against Wales for many a season past. Indeed, if our side had only "got going" right from the start, in the way the Welshmen did, they might conceivably have won. But in that all-important first twenty minutes Wales established a twelve points lead which rendered them, if not actually safe, pretty secure. After that, the play was exactly even, for each side crossed the other's line four times, and at one period of the game England had reduced the gap to four points. England were not helped in any way by any falling off on the part of Wales from their traditional excellence. The Welshmen, though not quite as strong, perhaps, as they were in the days of Llewellyn, Gwyn Nicholls and Co., were a fine, well-balanced team, and it speaks well for England that they were able to hold them in the way they did. Leaving out the first twenty minutes, there was very little to choose between the two sets of forwards; in scrummage work Wales were slightly the better, but in the loose England nearly always had the pull; while behind the scrum Wales' superior combination was almost neutralised by the remarkable individual excellence of our men, of whom Williamson, the Oxford half, was a conspicuous success in his first International. A great piece of bad luck for England was Kelly's illness. The fog rendered it difficult—and during the second half practically impossible—to follow the game closely, which was most tantalising, for enough could be seen to justify the belief that it was one of the fastest, closest, and most scientific matches ever played between England and Wales.

Two Surprises and a Disappointment

In Club Rugger the defeat of the London Scottish by the London Hospital by 11 points to nil was almost as great a surprise as the Mid-Devon election result. It is true that the cracks were not at full strength, but their "A" team is as good as many another club's first, and the win is one on which the Hospital are to be congratulated. Rosslyn Park are also to be congratulated on only losing to the redoubtable Harlequins by 8 points to 12, though here again the more fancied side were weak owing to the International and other causes. Blackheath and Richmond, too, could only raise very moderate teams for their return fixture, and this time-honoured encounter only gave rise to a very poor game, which Blackheath won by a try to nothing.

Southern Amateur League Notes

In Association there was yet another upset, for the New Crusaders went under to the Civil Service in the Southern Amateur League. Previously the Corinthians had been the only team to beat the New Crusaders, who were easily head of the S.A. League with a total of seven matches played, all won, and a score of forty-three goals as against ten, and although it was recognised that this game with Civil Service would test them a bit, they were not expected to lose it. This win brings three clubs together for the time being at the top of the list with fourteen points each, *i.e.* New Crusaders, Richmond Association, and Civil Service. However, the New Crusaders have made their points in eight matches against ten played by Richmond and eleven by Civil Service, so that their record is still the best. Ealing, however, with eight matches played, four won, four drawn, and none lost (twelve points) will also have to be reckoned with. Ealing did not play a match in this competition on Saturday, for they were engaged in replaying their Middlesex Cup-tie *v.* Hampstead, whom they beat, decisively this time, by 7—0. Neither did Richmond, for they, too, had a Cup-tie on *v.* Cheshunt in the A.F.A. Cup, which they won by 4—0. In this latter competition the Casuals had an exciting time *v.* Ramsgate St. George's, for the scores were level up to within ten minutes or so of time; but then the Casuals put on three goals in a great hurry, and won by 4—1!

HOCKEY

It must have been those Rubber Soles

When the West beat the South last Saturday week, one excuse urged on behalf of the South was that they could not stand up on the frozen ground; others (with whom I am inclined to agree) went so far as to say that the match ought not to have been played at all. However, played it was, and one reason why the West won was undoubtedly that the majority of them had taken the precaution to provide themselves with rubber-soled boots. Another drawback of frost is that it spoils combination and favours "rushing" tactics, and the fact that too much significance must not be attached to the South's defeat is proved by the result of the West *v.* Midlands match at Worcester last Saturday, when the conditions were those under which hockey is ordinarily played. The West had the same team as defeated the South, and yet throughout the first half the Midlands were a good bit the better side, and scored thrice. In the second half the West did better, and scored twice, but, even so, the Midlands on the whole did more attacking, and were, perhaps, a little unlucky in not getting through again. However, their half-time score was good enough for the purpose of a win, and it was a win that will do them a lot of good. Nowhere is hockey played more keenly than in the Midlands, and seeing what a hard struggle the South had with the Midlands last year, the excitement when these two divisions come to meet again will be great. The argument, of course, will be: if the West can beat the South, and the Midlands can beat the West, how much more, etc., etc.?

A Correction

In our issue of January 8, we published photographs of Miss Finovala Maclean, who is engaged to Mr. Roger Cordy Simpson, of Reigate, and Miss Viola Dudley Ward, who is to marry the Hon. William Erskine. The titles under the photographs were unfortunately transposed, and we take this opportunity of tendering our apologies to the two ladies concerned.

The date of the opening of the Waldorf Hotel has been altered from the 22nd inst. to the 28th inst.

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The Lawn and Insects

One of the commonest questions asked by amateurs is: How to destroy worms in the lawn? To this question there is only one answer: Leave them alone. The good that worms do is immense. By means of their holes they drain the land, and it is always in heavy land, which needs the most drainage, that they occur in the greatest number; and the finely pulverised soil which they bring to the surface forms a valuable top-dressing for the plants, often the only top-dressing they ever get. No doubt, their casts may sometimes spoil the look of the lawn, but it is easy to scatter them with a birch-broom, and this should always be done before rolling. In a seed-bed worms certainly are a nuisance, for they frequently drag down the little seedlings into their holes, but in a lawn they do no harm of any sort, all their operations tending to benefit the grass. With wireworms, of course, it is different. They are most destructive creatures, and very difficult to get rid of. Starlings, as they march in skirmishing order across the lawn, eat many wireworms, and their presence should be encouraged. A heavy roller may make the ground uncomfortable for wireworms, tough as they are; it certainly crushes a number of leather-jackets, the grubs of the crane-fly. If the edges of the lawn are cut, the slightest paring should be taken off. This is especially important in the case of ribbon-like grass edgings to flower-beds. They are often made far too narrow, so narrow that it is difficult to cut them with the lawn-mower, and this becomes impossible if they are afterwards sliced away. They should either be fairly broad, as in the illustration, or else be replaced by stones covered with plants with a trailing habit.

The Golden-Rayed Lily of Japan

Bulbs of Lilium Auratum should be planted as soon as they can be obtained. They usually begin to arrive in this country early in January. The plant is such a beautiful one that the difficulty in acclimatising it is greatly to be regretted. As a rule, it flowers well the first year and then disappears. This is due to the fact that it normally makes two sets of roots, one at the base of the stem and the other at the base of the bulb, and that both are cut off in Japan for convenience in packing. When the bulb is planted on its arrival in England, it has only time to make one set, the lower; and, as there is no auxiliary set to help to feed the flowering stem, the drain on the bulb is so severe that it dwindles away. This may be prevented by sacrificing the first year's flowers—stopping the stem about a foot from the ground. Better still, if home-grown bulbs can be obtained, lifted with roots and planted at once, they can generally be relied on to do well. Unfortunately, lilies of various kinds, not only auratum, but also candidum and others, have lately been attacked by a fungoid disease, which has wrought much damage among them. If it is suspected, a mixture of sulphur and soot sprinkled over the bulbs and between the scales will sometimes effect a cure; but in bad cases the bulbs should be burnt, to prevent the infection of others still sound.

H. C. Davidson.

Broad Grass Edgings to Flower-Beds

The mistake is often made of having the grass flower-bed borders too narrow. If space does not permit them to be as broad as illustrated, it is better to have them replaced by stones covered with some trailing plant

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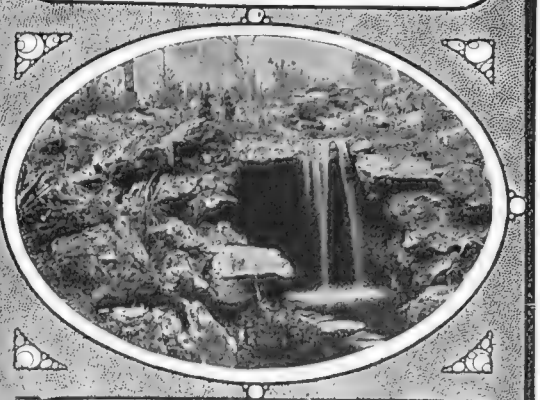

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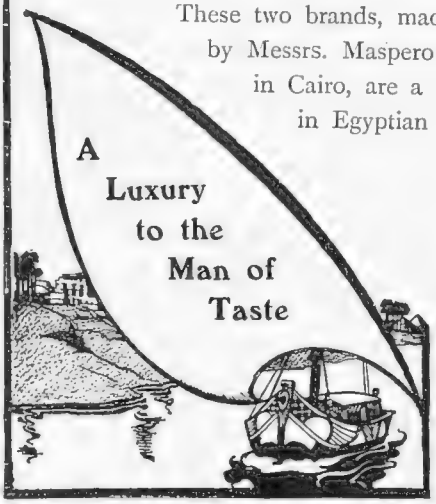

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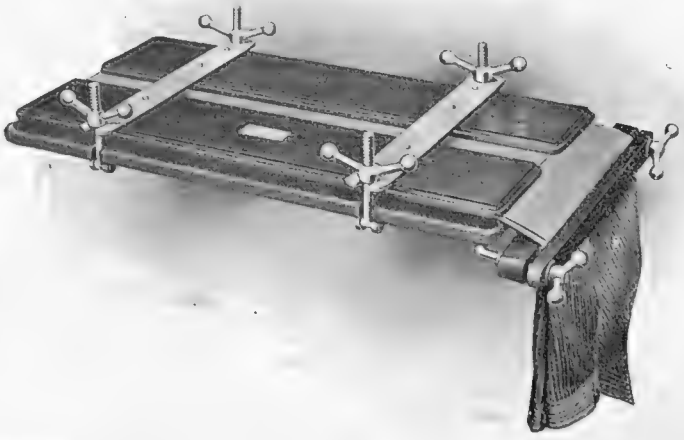

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Of motor-cabs the cry is: "Still they come." Messrs. S. F. Edge are putting a 10 h.-p. two-cylinder Napier cab on the market. Ignition will be by magneto and all gear-wheels will be enclosed and run in oil. In accordance with the sentiments of Messrs. Edge, the road wheels will be fixed wire ones. I am glad to see that English manufacturers are trying to get a footing in this lucrative market, but they have hitherto let the grass grow under their feet. It is, indeed, surprising that British enterprise allowed two well-known foreign manufacturers practically to monopolise the London motor-cab business.

* * *

The achievement of Henry Farman has brought the era of the flying machine into the period wherein we live. For years the comic artists have indulged in prophetic pictures of humanity disporting itself in the air, but a practical solution to the problem of "How to Fly," fascinating as it has been to man throughout all the ages, seemed, until quite recently, as far off solution as ever. The "heavier-than-air" machine, though it has accomplished a distance of a kilometre, and was completely under the control of Mr. Farman, is, as yet, in its elementary stages.

* * *

Mr. Farman's aeroplane, in relation to the future of aerostatics, may be compared to Herr Benz's first motor-engine on the internal combustion principle.

* * *

Mr. Farman has succeeded so creditably in navigating a machine heavier than air by dint of assiduous practice, for he had nothing whatsoever to guide him except observation of the flight of birds. But even birds have to learn to fly, and likewise Mr. Farman. His machine consists of a central box-kite, formed of two planes, behind which stretches a light iron framework, at whose extremity is another box-kite. This "tail" provides stability, and carries

By Alick P. F. Ritchie

Car-icature—No. LVIII. Col. H. C. L. Holden

He is the Head of the Royal Gun Factory at Woolwich, and one of the great luminaries of the Royal Automobile Club. He is the inventor of many instruments and apparatus connected with electricity and artillery

Mrs. Charles Jarrott, with her 15 h.-p. Four-cylinder Mors Car

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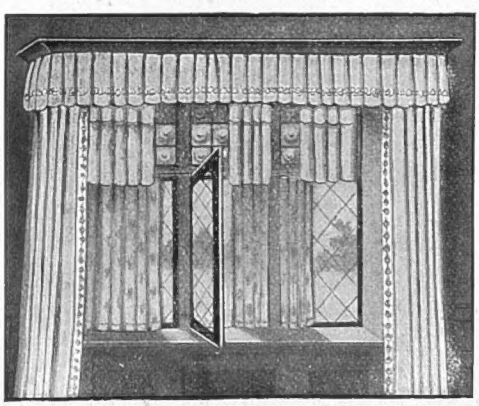

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in its centre the vertical rudder. The horizontal rudder is placed in front, and the motor, an eight-cylinder Antoinette pattern, is fixed between the two front planes. During the successful trial, the aeroplane rose to twenty-five feet, and attained a speed of thirty-four miles an hour. Mr. Farman, though the son of an Englishman, has lived all his life in Paris, and is a naturalised Frenchman.

* * *

Car-icature—No. LVIII.: Col. H. C. L. Holden, R.A., F.R.S.

Col. Henry Capel Lofft Holden, R.A., to give our Car-icature his full name, is one of the best-known men in connection with automobilism. He takes the subject seriously, and the technical papers he has read at different times put together on end (to adopt the methods of a contemporary), if they would not be sufficient to stretch from Land's End to John o' Groats, would, at all events, cover a considerable distance. He is a great luminary at the Royal Automobile Club, and what Mr. Julian Orde, the Club's affable secretary, would do without him on committees may be better imagined than described. Colonel Holden, who attains to the dignity of his fifty-second birthday to-morrow (Thursday), is the inventor of many instruments and apparatus connected with electricity and artillery; he is, at present, the head of the Royal Gun Factory at Woolwich, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society. Here's good luck to you, Colonel, and many other birthdays!

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

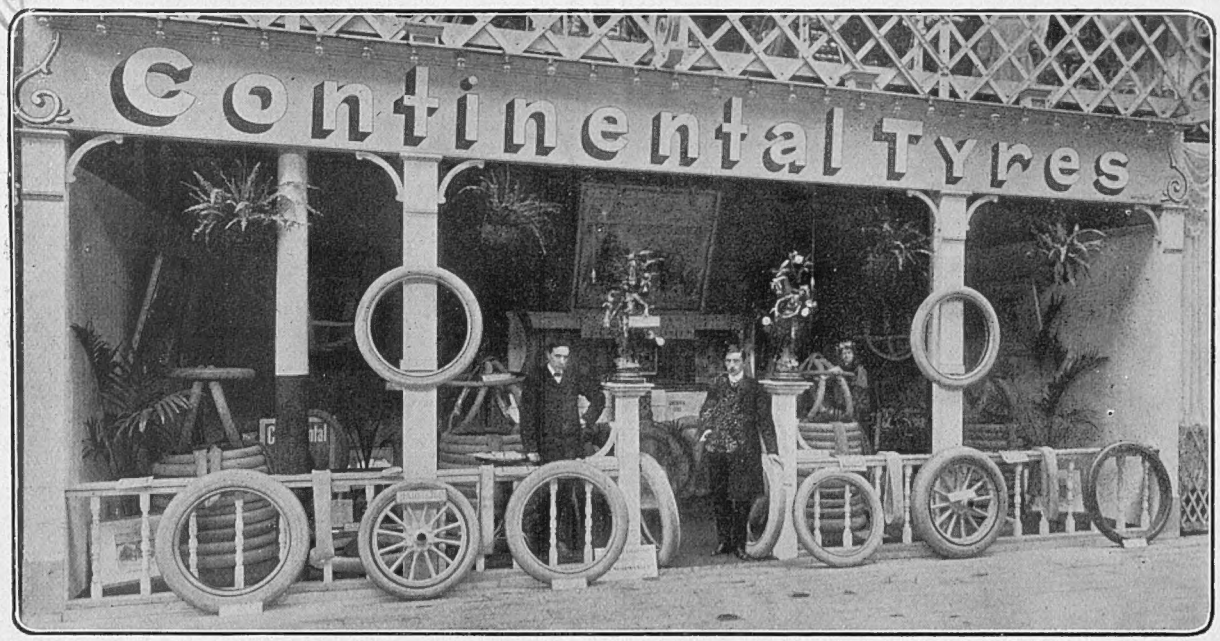
The Dewar Challenge Trophy

Awarded by the Royal Automobile Club to Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., in respect of the performance of the 40-50 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce car—the famous "Silver Ghost"—in the 15,000 miles long-distance trial

Miscellanea

A daring robery was effected at the Hutchinson tyre depot quite recently. Some person unknown walked into the depot and removed therefrom a Hutchinson Non-Skid Tyre No. 47000 and another plain Hutchinson tyre with leather band, unnumbered. It is presumed that the thief had watched the depot for some time, and had taken note of the moment when all the assistants were out of the depot in the offices at the back, and then quietly slipped in, and unobserved took away the two tyres. The whole thing had really been done very smartly. Notice has been given to the police, but I am glad of this opportunity of publishing the description of the two tyres and the number in the one instance, so that readers, who may be buyers, may look out for them. If they should turn up, the Hutchinson Tyre Company, 13, Maddox Street, London, W., will be glad to hear from the purchaser.

To Londonderry belongs the distinction of possessing the first motor fire-engine in Ireland, the enterprising town authorities having purchased a Merryweather motor "Fire King" steamer, which has been delivered at Londonderry this week. The engine has a pumping capacity of 400 gallons per minute, and can travel at a speed of twenty to thirty miles an hour on the level. The boiler is fired with oil fuel, and the water being kept hot in the fire station by means of a gas burner, will enable the machine to turn out within one minute from receipt of a call. Motor fire appliances, on account of their superior travelling power and economy of up-keep as compared with horsed machines, are now rapidly making headway among fire brigades, and Londonderry is to be congratulated on the progressive spirit displayed in the acquisition of such an up-to-date fire fighter.



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is used to do the raising, home-made cakes are always light and dainty.

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

Already are rumours rife among those interested anent the modistic doings for the early Courts. Several amiable *couturières*, indeed, have actually revealed to me finished models, and, in face of certain opposition, my prophetic instinct foretells the revival of the hard frock, effected in firmer finished satins, brocades, and silk velvets, in lieu of fabrics of exceedingly clinging character, such as chiffon, velvet, and mousseline satins. And the vogue of the Princesse is assured.

Quite young girls, contrary to old-time beliefs, are privileged to adopt the Princesse vogue, a fact that points very directly to the preference for slim figures under the revived regime. There is small doubt, however, that the most successful Princesse robes are those disposed to wrinkle a trifle above the waist. An exquisite model designed for a young married woman, a vivid sparkling brunette, is of corn-coloured ninon, inlet with a series of velvet panels, graduating off to nothing just above the waist, where the line is continued by fine silver trimming used to define either edge of the velvet, while at the foot, above a hem of velvet, there occurs a raised leaf *appliqué* of the velvet, each leaf outlined and veined in silver. The Princesse actually fashions the *décolletage*, the hard edge of which is softened by folds of old lace that gradually resolve into draped shoulder-straps and the prettiest hanging double cape sleeve imaginable, the edges stitched round with silver, and the corners weighted with silver tassels, a garniture of the velvet foliage stretching across the figure.

A Smart Casino Gown

Here you have delightfully exemplified the prevailing Princesse expression, in a delicate shade of old blue *crêpe de Chine*, embroidered in old blue and old rose tones, and worn with a bewitching little jacket of *Point de Venise* mounted on tucked tulle.

Concerning Colour Schemes

Looking forward, too, there are unmistakable signs how important will be the factors of colour contrasts and contours during the coming season. For day wear a bid for favour is being made with pale grey and Nankin brown, the latter merely introduced incidentally as a vest, and, perchance, in the further guise of a collar almost smothered in embroidery. Then, similarly expressed, there is hinted to us the *chic* alliance of black and Japan blue. A black cloth visiting gown of exquisite simplicity carried an inner folded vest over a tucked lingerie chemisette of burnt apricot silk that disappeared beneath a broad band of Japanese blue embroidery, the apricot silk finishing below this band in two long-tasselled ends. Pale blue with touches of Mandarin orange is proving a successful evening *ensemble*, as is a wisteria shade of mauve with pale blue and Gloire de Dijon yellow.

Photo *Reutlinger*

A Smart Casino Gown

In a delicate shade of old blue *crêpe de Chine*, embroidered in old blue and old rose tones, worn with a little jacket of *Point de Venise*

Fig mauve cloth, again, builds charming coats for wear with the white cloth draped skirt, enlarged upon last week, a notable example on its way to Cairo displaying touches of old blue. One hears, furthermore, with interest, of certain artistic evening confections arranged on strictly classical lines, that depend wholly for their final touch on large barbaric ornaments that ostensibly hold together the draperies of the corsage. In the construction of these beautiful barbarities, enamel plays a large part, since their *raison d'être* alone depends on colour, picked out with great blister and baroque pearls.

The Future of Bretelles

By one of those curious and freakish turns of fashion's wheel, the adjustable bretelle is persuading us once again of its ornamental and serviceable qualities. It almost looks as though the blouse of the immediate future would resolve largely into bretelle effects, the latest edition of this accessory comprising a berry waistband and deep shoulder-strap or bretelle, frequently united across the front by a broad band of embroidery. This last is a great feature just now, and plays a conspicuous rôle in practically